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THE WORKS OF *ALEXANDER POPE*, Esq;

VOL. II.

Containing his EPISTLES, &c.

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MDCCXXXIX.

CMC
MVSEVM
BRITANNICVM

THE AUTHOR TO THE READER.

ALL I had to ſay of my *Writings* is contained in my Preface to the firſt of theſe Volumes, originally printed for *Jacob Tonſon* and *B. Lintott* in folio and quarto in the year 1717, and all I have to ſay of *Myſelf* will be found in my laſt Epiſtle to Dr. *Arbuthnot*.

I have nothing to add, but that theſe latter Volumes contain whatſoever I have ſince written, except my Tranſlation of the *Iliad*, with the *Preface* and the *Notes* to it; of Twelve Books of the *Odyſſey*, with the *Poſtſcript*, (the Notes not being mine) the *Preface* to *Shakeſpear*, and a few *Spectators* and *Guardians*. Whatever beſides I have written, or join'd in writing with Dr. *Swift*, Dr. *Arbuthnot*, or Mr. *Gay*, (the only perſons with whom I ever wrote in conjun-

conjunction) are to be found in the four Volumes of Miſcellanies by us publiſhed, or make part of the *Memoirs* of *Scriblerus*, not yet printed.

It will be but juſtice to believe that nothing more is mine, notwithſtanding all that hath been publiſh'd in my Name, or added to any Miſcellanies ſince, by any Bookſeller whatſoever.

A. Pope.

TO

AN

ESSAY on MAN,

Being the First Book of

ETHIC EPISTLES.

TO

HENRY St. JOHN

L. *BOLINGBROKE.*

Written in the Year 1732.

THE

DESIGN.

HAVING propoſed to write ſome pieces on Human Life and Manners, ſuch (as to uſe my Lord *Bacon*'s expreſſion) *come home to Men's Buſineſs and Boſoms*, I thought it more ſatisfactory to begin with conſidering *Man* in the Abſtract, his *Nature* and his *State*: ſince to prove any moral Duty, to enforce any moral Precept, or to examine the Perfection or Imperfection of any Creature whatſoever, it is neceſſary firſt to know what *condition* and *relation* it is placed in, and what is the proper *end* and *purpoſe* of its *Being*.

The Science of Human Nature is, like all other Sciences, reduced to a *few, clear points*; There are not *many certain Truths* in this World. It is therefore in the Anatomy of the Mind, as in that of the Body; more good will accrue to mankind by attending to the large, open, and perceptible parts, than by ſtudying too much ſuch finer nerves and veſſels as will for ever eſcape our obſervation. The *Diſputes* are all upon theſe laſt, and I will venture to ſay, they have leſs ſharpen'd the *Wits* than the *Hearts* of Men againſt each other, and have diminiſh'd the Practice, more than advanced the Theory, of Morality. If I could flatter my ſelf that this Eſſay has any Merit, it is in ſteering betwixt Doctrines ſeemingly oppoſite, in paſſing over Terms utterly unintelligible, and in forming out of all, a *temperate* yet not *inconſiſtent*, and a *ſhort* yet not *imperfect* Syſtem of *Ethics*.

This I might have done in Proſe; but I choſe Verſe, and even Rhyme for two Reaſons. The one will appear obvious; that Principles, maxims, or precepts ſo written, both ſtrike the reader more ſtrongly at firſt, and are more eaſily retain'd by him afterwards. The other may ſeem odd, but is true; I found I could expreſs them more *ſhortly* this way than in Proſe it ſelf; and nothing is truer than that much of the *Force*, as well as *Grace* of Arguments or Inſtructions depends on their *Conciſeneſs*. I was unable to treat this part of my ſubject more in detail, without becoming dry and tedious: or more *poetically*, without ſacrificing Perſpicuity to Ornament, without wandring from the Preciſion, or breaking the Chain of Reaſoning. If any man can unite all theſe without diminution of any of them, I freely confeſs he will compaſs a thing above my capacity.

What is now publiſh'd, is only to be conſidered as a *general Map* of MAN, marking out no more than the *Greater Parts*, their *Extents*, their *Limits*, and their *Connection*, but leaving the particular to be more fully delineated in the Charts which are to follow. Conſequently, theſe Epiſtles in their progreſs (if I have health and leiſure to make any progreſs) will become leſs dry, and more ſuſceptible of Ornament. I am here only opening the *Fountains*, and clearing the paſſage; To deduce the *Rivers*, to follow them in their *courſe*, and to obſerve their *effects*, would be a task more agreeable.

THE

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ETHIC

ETHIC EPISTLES,

The First Book

To H. St. John, L. Bolingbroke.

EPISTLE I.

AWAKE! my St. John! leave all meaner things
To low Ambition and the pride of Kings.
Let us (ſince Life can little more ſupply
Than juſt to look about us, and to die)
Expatiate free o'er all this ſcene of Man;
A mighty maze! but not without a plan;
A wild, where weeds and flow'rs promiſcuous ſhoot,
Or garden, tempting with forbidden fruit.
Together let us beat this ample field,
Try what the open, what the covert yield,
The latent tracts, the giddy heights explore
Of all who blindly creep, or ſightleſs ſoar;
Eye Nature's walks, ſhoot folly as it flies,
And catch the manners living as they riſe,
Laugh where we *muſt*, be candid where we *can*;
But vindicate the ways of *God* to man.

Of the Nature and State of Man with reſpect to the Universe. V. 17, &c.] *He can reaſon only from* Things known, *and judge only with regard to his* own Syſtem.

Say

Say firſt, of God above, or Man below,
What can we *reaſon*, but from what we *know*?
Of Man, what ſee we but his Station here,
From which to reaſon, or to which refer?
Thro' worlds unnumber'd tho' the God be known,
'Tis ours to trace him, only in our own.
He who thro' vaſt immenſity can pierce,
See worlds on worlds compoſe one univerſe,
Obſerve how ſyſtem into ſyſtem runs,
What other planets, and what other ſuns,
What vary'd being peoples ev'ry ſtar;
May tell, why heav'n made all things as they are.
But of this frame, the bearings and the ties,
The ſtrong connections, nice dependencies,
Gradations juſt, has thy pervading ſoul
Look'd thro'? or can a part contain the whole?
Is the great Chain that draws all to agree,
And drawn ſupports, upheld by God, or thee?
Preſumptuous man! the reaſon would'ſt thou find
Why form'd ſo weak, ſo little, and ſo blind?
Firſt, if thou canſt, the harder reaſon gueſs
Why form'd no weaker, blinder, and no leſs.
Ask of thy mother earth, why oaks are made
Taller or ſtronger than the weeds they ſhade?
Or ask of yonder argent fields above,
Why Jove's Satellites are leſs than Jove?

Ver. 35, &c.] *He is not therefore a Judge of his own perfection or imperfection, but is certainly ſuch a Being as is ſuited to his* Place *and* Rank *in the Creation.*

Of

Of Syſtems poſſible, if 'tis conſeſt
That Wiſdom infinite muſt form the *beſt*,
Where all muſt *full* or not *coherent* be,
And all that riſes, riſe in due *degree*;
Then, in the ſcale of life and ſenſe, 'tis plain
There muſt be, *ſomewhere*, ſuch a rank as Man;
And all the queſtion (wrangle e're ſo long)
Is only this, if God has *plac'd him wrong?*
Reſpecting Man whatever wrong we call,
May, muſt be right, as relative to *all*.
In human works, though labour'd on with pain,
A thouſand movements ſcarce one purpoſe gain;
In God's, one ſingle can *its end* produce,
Yet ſerves to ſecond too ſome *other uſe*.
So man, who here ſeems principal alone,
Perhaps acts ſecond to ſome ſphere unknown,
Touches ſome wheel, or verges to ſome gole;
'Tis but a part we ſee, and not a whole.
When the proud Steed ſhall know, why man reſtrains
His fiery courſe, or drives him o'er the plains;
When the dull Ox, why now he breaks the clod,
Now wears a garland, an *Ægyptian* god;
Then ſhall Man's pride and dulneſs comprehend
His action's, paſſion's, being's, uſe and end;
Why doing, ſuff'ring, check'd, impell'd; and why
This hour a ſlave, the next a deity?
Then ſay not Man's imperfect, heav'n in fault;
Say rather, man's as perfect as he ought;
His being meaſur'd to his ſtate and place,
His time a moment, and a point his ſpace.

Heav'n from all creatures hides the book of fate,
All but the page preſcrib'd, their *preſent ſtate*,
From brutes what men, from men what ſpirits know,
Or who could ſuffer Being here below?
The Lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to day,
Had he thy reaſon, would he skip and play?
Pleas'd to the laſt, he crops the flow'ry food,
And licks the hand juſt rais'd to ſhed his blood.
Oh blindneſs to the future! kindly giv'n,
That each may fill the circle mark'd by Heav'n,
Who ſees with equal eye, as God *of all*,
A Hero periſh, or a ſparrow fall,
Atoms, or Syſtems, into ruin hurl'd,
And now a bubble burſt, and now a World!

Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions ſoar;
Wait the great teacher, Death, and God adore!
What future bliſs, he gives not thee to know,
But gives that *Hope* to be thy bleſſing now.
Hope ſprings eternal in the human breaſt;
Man never *is*, but always to *be* bleſt;

VER. 73.] *His happineſs depends on his* Ignorance *to a certain degree.*

VER. 75, &c.] See this purſued in Epiſt. 3. verſ. 70, &c. 83, &c.

VER. 87.]——*And on his* Hope *of a* Relation *to a future State.*

VER. 90.] Further open'd in Epiſt. 2. verſ. 265. —Epiſt. 3. verſ. 78. — Epiſt. 4. verſ. 336, &c.

The

The ſoul uneaſy, and confin'd at home,
Reſts, and expatiates, in a life to come.
Lo! the poor *Indian*, whoſe untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;
His ſoul, proud ſcience never taught to ſtray
Far as the ſolar walk, or milky way;
Yet ſimple Nature to his hope has giv'n
Behind the cloud-topt hill, an humbler heav'n,
Some ſafer world, in depth of woods embrac'd,
Some happier iſland in the wat'ry waſte,
Where ſlaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Chriſtians thirſt for gold.
To *be*, contents his natural deſire,
He asks no Angel's wing, or Seraph's fire;
But thinks, admitted to that equal ſky,
His faithful dog ſhall bear him company.
Go, wiſer thou! and in thy ſcale of ſenſe
Weigh thy *Opinion* againſt *Providence:*
Call Imperfection what thou fancy'ſt ſuch;
Say, here he gives too little, there too much;
Deſtroy all creatures for thy ſport or guſt,
Yet cry, if Man's unhappy, God's unjuſt;
If man, alone, engroſs not heav'n's high care,
Alone made perfect here, immortal there;

VER. 109.] *The* Pride *of aiming at more Knowledge and Perfection, and the* Impiety *of pretending to judge of the Diſpenſations of Providence, the cauſes of his* Error *and* Miſery.

Snatch

Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
Re-judge his juſtice, be the GOD of GOD!
In Pride, in reas'ning Pride, our error lies;
All quit their ſphere, and ruſh into the ſkies.
Pride ſtill is aiming at the bleſt abodes,
Men would be Angels, Angels would be Gods.
Aſpiring to be Gods, if angels fell,
Aſpiring to be angels, men rebel:
And who but wiſhes to invert the laws
Of ORDER, ſins againſt th' Eternal Cauſe.
Ask for what end the heav'nly bodies ſhine?
Earth for whoſe uſe? *Pride* anſwers, "'Tis for mine:
" For me kind Nature wakes her genial pow'r,
" Suckles each herb, and ſpreads out every flow'r;
" Annual for me, the grape, the roſe renew
" The juice nectareous, and the balmy dew;
" For me, the mine a thouſand treaſures brings;
" For me, Health guſhes from a thouſand ſprings;
" Seas roll to waft me, Suns to light me riſe;
" My footſtool Earth, my canopy the Skies.
But errs not Nature from this gracious end,
From burning ſuns when livid deaths deſcend,
When earthquakes ſwallow, or when tempeſts ſweep
Towns to one grave, or nations to the deep?

VER. 127.] *The* Abſurdity *of conceiting himſelf the* Final Cauſe *of the Creation, or expecting that Perfection in the* moral *world, which is not in the* natural.

No

No ('tis reply'd) " the firſt Almighty Cauſe
" Acts not by partial, but by *gen'ral Laws*;
" Th' exceptions few; ſome change ſince all began,
" And what created, perfect?" Why then *Man?*
If the *great end* be *human* happineſs,
Then Nature deviates, and can Man do leſs?
As much that end a conſtant courſe requires
Of ſhow'rs and ſunſhine, as of man's deſires,
As much eternal ſprings and cloudleſs skies,
As men for ever temp'rate, calm, and wiſe.
If plagues or earthquakes break not heav'n's deſign,
Why then a Borgia or a Catiline?
From pride, from pride, our very reas'ning ſprings;
Account for moral, as for nat'ral things:
Why charge we Heav'n in thoſe, in theſe acquit?
In both, to reaſon right, is to ſubmit.
Better for Us, perhaps, it might appear,
Were there all Harmony, all Virtue here;
That never air or ocean felt the wind;
That never paſſion diſcompos'd the mind:
But ALL ſubſiſts by elemental ſtrife;
And Paſſions are the Elements of life.
The gen'ral ORDER, ſince the whole began
Is kept in Nature, and is kept in Man.

VER. 162.] See this ſubject extended in Epiſt. 2. from verſ. 90, to 112, 155, &c.

What would this Man? now upward will he ſoar,
And little leſs than Angel, would be more;
Now looking downward, juſt as griev'd appears
To want the ſtrength of Bulls, the fur of Bears.
Made for his uſe all creatures if he call,
Say what their uſe, had he the Pow'rs of all?
Nature to theſe, without profuſion kind,
The proper organs, proper pow'rs aſſign'd:
Each ſeeming want compenſated of courſe
Here, with degrees of ſwiftneſs, there, of force;
All in exact proportion to their ſtate,
Nothing to add, and nothing to abate.
Each beaſt, each inſect, happy in its own,
Is Heav'n unkind to man, and man alone?
Shall he alone, whom rational we call,
Be pleas'd with nothing, if not bleſs'd with all?
The bliſs of man (could pride that bleſſing find)
Is, not to act, or think, *beyond* mankind;
No pow'rs of body or of ſoul to ſhare,
But what his nature and his ſtate can bear.

VER. 166] *The Unreaſonableneſs of the Complaints againſt Providence; and that to poſſeſs more Faculties would make us miſerable.*

VER. 174. *Here, with degrees of ſwiftneſs, there of force*] It is a certain axiom in the Anatomy of creatures, that in proportion as they are form'd for ſtrength, their ſwiftneſs is leſſen'd; or as they are form'd for ſwiftneſs, their ſtrength is abated.

VER. 177.] Vid. Epiſt. 3. verſ. 83, &c. and 110, &c.

Why

Why has not man a microſcopic eye?
For this plain reaſon, man is not a fly.
Say what the uſe, were finer optics giv'n,
T' inſpect a mite, not comprehend the heav'n;
The touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,
To ſmart and agonize at ev'ry pore;
Or quick effluvia darting thro' the brain,
Dye of a Roſe in aromatic pain.
If nature thunder'd in his opening ears,
And ſtunn'd him with the muſick of the ſpheres,
How would he wiſh, that heav'n had left him ſtill
The whiſp'ring zephyr, and the purling rill?
Who finds not Providence all-good and wiſe,
Alike in what it gives, and what denies?
Far as Creation's ample range extends,
The ſcale of *ſenſual*, *mental* pow'rs aſcends:
Mark how it mounts, to man's imperial race,
From the green myriads in the peopled graſs.
What modes of ſight, betwixt each wide extreme,
The mole's dim curtain, and the lynx's beam:

VER. 200.] *There is an univerſal* ORDER *and* GRADATION *thro' the whole viſible world, of the* ſenſible *and* mental *Faculties, which cauſes the* Subordination *of Creature to Creature, and of all Creatures to Man, whoſe* REASON *alone countervails all the other Faculties.*

The Extent, Limits, and Uſe of *Human Reaſon* and *Science*, the Author deſign'd as the ſubject of his next Book of Ethic Epiſtles.

Of ſmell, the headlong lioneſs between,
And hound, ſagacious on the tainted green:
Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood,
To that which warbles thro' the vernal wood:
The ſpider's touch, how exquiſitely fine,
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line:
In the nice bee, what ſenſe ſo ſubtly true,
From pois'nous herbs extracts the healing dew.
How *Inſtinct* varies, in the groveling ſwine,
Compar'd, half-reas'ning elephant! with thine:
'Twixt that, and *Reaſon*, what a nice barrier,
For ever ſep'rate, yet for ever near:
Remembrance and *Reflection*, how ally'd;
What thin partitions *Senſe* from *Thought* divide:
And *middle natures* how they long to join,
Yet never paſs th' inſuperable line!
Without this juſt Gradation could they be
Subjected theſe to thoſe, or all to thee?
The Pow'rs of all ſubdu'd by thee alone,
Is not thy Reaſon all thoſe pow'rs in one?

VER. 205. — *the headlong Lioneſs*—] The manner of the Lions hunting their prey in the deſerts of Africa is this. At their firſt going out in the night-time they ſet up a loud roar, and then liſten to the noiſe made by the beaſts in their flight, purſuing them by the ear, and not by the noſtril. It is probable, the ſtory of the Jackall's hunting for the Lion was occaſion'd by obſerving the defect of ſcent in this terrible Animal.

See,

See, thro' this air, this ocean, and this earth,
All matter quick, and burſting into birth.
Above, how high progreſſive life may go,
Around how wide, how deep extend below!
Vaſt chain of Being! which from God began,
Natures æthereal, human, angel, man,
Beaſt, bird, fiſh, inſect! what no eye can ſee,
No glaſs can reach! from Infinite to thee,
From thee to Nothing! On ſuperior pow'rs
Were we to preſs, inferior might on ours:
Or in the full creation leave a Void,
Where, one ſtep broken, the great ſcale's deſtroy'd;
From Nature's chain whatever link you ſtrike,
Tenth or ten thouſandth, breaks the chain alike.
And if each Syſtem in gradation roll,
Alike eſſential to th' amazing Whole;
The leaſt confuſion but in one, not all
That ſyſtem only, but the whole muſt fall.
Let Earth unbalanc'd from her orbit fly,
Planets and Suns ruſh lawleſs thro' the sky,
Let ruling Angels from their ſpheres be hurl'd,
Being on being wreck'd, and world on world,
Heav'n's whole foundations to their centre nod,
And Nature tremble, to the throne of God!

VER. 225.] *How much farther this* Gradation *and* Subordination *may extend: were any part of which broken, the* whole connected Creation *muſt be deſtroy'd.*

All this dread ORDER break!—For whom? For thee?
Vile worm!—O Madneſs! Pride! Impiety!
What if the foot, ordain'd the duſt to tread,
Or hand to toil, aſpir'd to be the Head?
What if the head, the eye, or ear repin'd
To ſerve mere engines to the ruling Mind?
Juſt as abſurd, for any part to claim
To be another, in this gen'ral frame:
Juſt as abſurd, to mourn the tasks or pains,
The great directing MIND of ALL ordains.
All are but parts of one ſtupendous whole,
Whoſe body *Nature* is, and *God* the ſoul;
That, chang'd thro' all, and yet in all the ſame,
Great in the earth, as in th' æthereal frame,
Warms in the ſun, refreſhes in the breeze,
Glows in the ſtars, and bloſſoms in the trees,
Lives thro' all life, extends thro' all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unſpent,
Breathes in our ſoul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect in a hair, as heart,
As full, as perfect in vile man that mourns,
As the rapt Seraph that adores and burns;
To him, no high, no low, no great, no ſmall:
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.

VER. 250.] *The Extravagance, Impiety, and Pride of ſuch a deſire.*

VER. 257.] Vid. the proſecution and application of this in Epiſt. 4. ver. 160, &c.

Ceaſe

Ceaſe then, nor ORDER *Imperfection* name:
Our proper bliſs depends on what we blame.
Know thy own *point:* This kind, this due degree
Of blindneſs, weakneſs, Heav'n beſtows on thee.
Submit — in this, or any other ſphere,
Secure to be as bleſt as thou canſt bear:
Safe in the hand of one diſpoſing Pow'r,
Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.
All nature is but art, unknown to thee;
All chance, direction which thou canſt not ſee;
All diſcord, harmony not underſtood;
All partial evil, univerſal good:
And ſpight of pride, in erring reaſon's ſpight,
One truth is clear; "Whatever *Is*, is RIGHT."

VER. 273.] *The Conſequence of all, the* abſolute Submiſſion *due to Providence, both as to our* preſent *and* future *State.*

EPISTLE II.

KNOW then thy ſelf, preſume not God to ſcan:
The proper ſtudy of mankind is *Man*.
Plac'd on this Iſthmus of a middle ſtate,
A being darkly wiſe, and rudely great:
With too much knowledge for the Sceptic ſide,
With too much weakneſs for the Stoic's pride,
He hangs between; in doubt to act, or reſt,
In doubt to deem himſelf a God, or beaſt;
In doubt, his mind or body to prefer,
Born but to die, and reas'ning but to err;
Alike in ignorance, his reaſon ſuch,
Whether he thinks too little, or too much;
Chaos of thought and paſſion, all confus'd;
Still by himſelf abus'd, or diſ-abus'd;
Created half to riſe, and half to fall;
Great Lord of all things, yet a prey to all;
Sole judge of truth, in endleſs error hurl'd:
The glory, jeſt, and riddle, of the world!

Go wondrous creature! mount where Science guides,
Go meaſure earth, weigh air, and ſtate the tides,

OF *the* NATURE *and* STATE of MAN *as an* INDIVIDUAL. *The buſineſs of Man not to pry into God, but to ſtudy* himſelf. *His* Middle Nature, *his* Power, Frailties, *and the* Limits *of his* Capacity.

Show

Show by what laws the wandring Planets ſtray,
Correct old Time, and teach the Sun his way.
Go ſoar with *Plato* to th' empyreal ſphere,
To the *firſt* good, *firſt* perfect, and *firſt* fair;
Or tread the mazy round his follow'rs trod,
And quitting ſenſe call *imitating God*,
As eaſtern prieſts in giddy circles run,
And turn their heads, to imitate the *Sun*.
Go, teach Eternal Wiſdom how to rule—
Then drop into thy-ſelf, and be a fool!

Superior Beings, when of late they ſaw
A mortal man unfold all Nature's law,
Admir'd ſuch wiſdom in an earthly ſhape,
And ſhew'd a NEWTON as we ſhew an Ape.

Could He, whoſe rules the whirling Comet bind,
Deſcribe, or fix, one movement of the Mind?
Who ſaw the Stars here riſe, and there deſcend,
Explain his own beginning, or his end?
Alas what wonder! Man's ſuperior part
Uncheck'd may riſe, and climb from Art to art;
But when his *own* great work is but begun,
What Reaſon weaves, by Paſſion is undone.

Two Principles in human nature reign;
Self-love, to urge, and *Reaſon*, to reſtrain:
Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call,
Each works its end, to move, or govern all;

VER. 43.] *The* Two Principles *of* Man, SELF-LOVE *and* REASON, *both neceſſary*, 49. Self-love *the* ſtronger, *and why?* 57. *their* End *the ſame*, 71.

And

And to their proper operation ſtill
Aſcribe all Good, to their improper, Ill.
Self-love the ſpring of motion, acts the ſoul;
Reaſon's comparing balance rules the whole.
Man but for that, no *action* could attend,
And but for this, were active to no *end*;
Fix'd, like a plant on his peculiar ſpot,
To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot;
Or meteor-like, flame lawleſs thro' the void,
Deſtroying others, by himſelf deſtroy'd.
Moſt *ſtrength* the *moving* Principle requires;
Active its task, it prompts, impels, inſpires:
Sedate and quiet the *comparing* lies,
Form'd but to check, delib'rate, and adviſe.
Self-love ſtill ſtronger, as its objects *nigh*;
Reaſon's at *diſtance*, and in proſpect lie;
That ſees immediate good, by *preſent* ſenſe,
Reaſon the *future*, and the conſequence;
Thicker than Arguments, Temptations throng;
At beſt more *watchful* this, but that more *ſtrong*.
The action of the ſtronger to ſuſpend,
Reaſon ſtill *uſe*, to reaſon ſtill *attend*:
Attention Habit and Experience gains,
Each ſtrengthens Reaſon, and Self-love reſtrains.
Let ſubtile Schoolmen teach theſe friends to fight,
More ſtudious to divide, than to unite,
And grace and virtue, ſenſe and reaſon ſplit,
With all the raſh dexterity of Wit.
Wits, juſt like fools, at war about a *name*,
Have full as oft, *no* meaning, or *the ſame*.

Self-love

Self-love and Reaſon to one end aſpire,
Pain their averſion, Pleaſure their deſire:
But greedy that its object would devour,
This taſte the honey, and not wound the flower:
Pleaſure, or wrong or rightly underſtoood,
Our greateſt evil, or our greateſt good.

Modes of Self-love the PASSIONS we may call;
'Tis real good, or ſeeming, moves them all.
But ſince not every good we can *divide*,
And reaſon bids us for our own provide;
Paſſions tho' *ſelfiſh*, if their means be fair,
Liſt under Reaſon, and deſerve her care:
Thoſe that *imparted*, court a nobler aim,
Exalt their kind, and take ſome Virtue's name.

In lazy *Apathy* let Stoics boaſt
Their Virtue fix'd; 'tis fix'd as in a froſt,
Contracted all, retiring to the breaſt;
But ſtrength of mind is *exerciſe*, not *reſt*:
The riſing tempeſt puts in act the ſoul,
Parts it may ravage, but preſerves the whole.
On Life's vaſt ocean diverſely we ſail,
Reaſon the card, but *Paſſion* is the gale:
Nor GOD alone in the ſtill calm we find;
He mounts the ſtorm, and *walks upon the Wind*.

Paſſions, like elements, tho' born to fight,
Yet mix'd and ſoftned, in his work unite:
Theſe, 'tis enough to *temper* and *employ*;
But what compoſes man, can man *deſtroy*?

VER. 83.] *The* PASSIONS *and their* Uſe.

Suffice

Suffice that Reaſon keep to Nature's road;
Subject, compound them, follow her and God.
Love, Hope, and Joy, fair Pleaſure's ſmiling train,
Hate, Fear, and Grief, the family of Pain,
Theſe, mix'd with art, and to due bounds confin'd,
Make, and maintain, the Balance of the mind:
The lights and ſhades, whoſe well accorded ſtrife
Gives all the *ſtrength* and *colour* of our life.
Pleaſures are ever in our hands or eyes,
And when in act they ceaſe, in proſpect riſe;
Preſent to graſp, and future ſtill to find,
The whole employ of body and of mind.
All ſpread their charms, but charm not all *alike*;
On diff'rent Senſes diff'rent objects ſtrike;
Hence diff'rent Paſſions more or leſs inflame,
As ſtrong, or weak, the organs of the frame;
And hence one Maſter Paſſion in the breaſt,
Like *Aaron*'s ſerpent, ſwallows up the reſt.
As man, perhaps, the moment of his breath,
Receives the lurking principle of death;
The young diſeaſe, that muſt ſubdue at length,
Grows with his growth, and ſtrengthens with his ſtrength:
So, caſt and mingled with his very frame,
The mind's diſeaſe, its *ruling paſſion* came:

Ver. 123, &c.] *The* Predominant Passion *and its* Force.

Each

Each vital humour which ſhould feed the *whole*,
Soon flows to this, in body and in ſoul;
Whatever warms the heart, or fills the head,
As the mind opens, and its functions ſpread,
Imagination plies her dang'rous art,
And pours it all upon the peccant part.
Nature its mother, *Habit* is its nurſe;
Wit, ſpirit, faculties, but make it worſe;
Reaſon itſelf but gives it edge and pow'r,
As heav'n's bleſt beam turns vinegar more ſowre;
We, wretched ſubjects, tho' to lawful ſway,
In this weak *Queen*, ſome *Fav'rite* ſtill obey.
Ah! if ſhe lend not arms, as well as rules,
What can ſhe more than *tell us* we are fools?
Teach us to mourn our nature, not to mend,
A ſharp accuſer, but a helpleſs friend!
Or from a Judge turn pleader, to perſuade
The choice we make, or juſtify it made.
Proud of an eaſy conqueſt all along,
She but removes weak paſſions for the ſtrong;
So, when ſmall humours gather to a gout,
The Doctor fancies he has driv'n 'em out.
Yes, Nature's road muſt ever be prefer'd;
Reaſon is here no *guide*, but ſtill a *guard*;
'Tis her's to *rectify*, not *overthrow*,
And treat this paſſion more as friend than foe:
A mightier POW'R the ſtrong direction ſends,
And ſev'ral men impels to ſev'ral *Ends:*

VER. 155.] *Its* Neceſſity, *in directing men to different purpoſes.* The particular application of this to the *ſeveral*

Like varying winds, by *other* paſſions toſt,
This drives them conſtant to a certain coaſt.
Let Pow'r or Knowledge, Gold or Glory pleaſe,
Or (oft more ſtrong than all) the love of Eaſe,
Thro' life 'tis follow'd, even at life's expence:
The merchant's toil, the ſage's indolence,
The monk's humility, the hero's pride,
All, all alike, find Reaſon on their ſide.

Th' ETERNAL ART, educing good from ill,
Graſts on this Paſſion our *beſt Principle*;
'Tis thus, the Mercury of man is fix'd,
Strong grows the virtue with his nature mix'd,
The droſs cements what elſe were too refin'd,
And in one int'reſt Body acts with Mind.

As fruits ungrateful to the planter's care,
On ſavage ſtocks inſerted, learn to bear;
The ſureſt Virtues thus from Paſſions ſhoot,
Wild nature's vigour working at the root.
What crops of wit and honeſty appear,
From ſpleen, from obſtinacy, hate, or fear!
See anger, zeal and fortitude ſupply;
Ev'n av'rice, prudence; ſloth, philoſophy:
Luſt, thro' ſome certain ſtrainers well refin'd,
Is gentle love, and charms all womankind:
Envy, to which th' ignoble mind's a ſlave,
Is emulation in the learn'd or brave:

ſeveral Purſuits of men, and the *General Good* reſulting thence, falls into the ſucceeding books.

VER. 165.] *Its* providential Uſe, *in fixing our* Principle, *and aſcertaining our* Virtue.

Nor

Nor virtue, male or female, can we name,
But what will grow on Pride, or grow on Shame.
Thus *Nature* gives us (let it check our pride)
The virtue neareſt to our vice ally'd;
Reaſon the byaſs turns to good from ill,
And Nero reigns a Titus, if he will.
The fiery ſoul abhorr'd in Catiline,
In Decius charms, in Curtius is divine.
The ſame ambition can deſtroy or ſave,
And makes a patriot, as it makes a knave.
This light and darkneſs in our chaos join'd,
What ſhall *divide?* The *God* within the Mind.
Extremes in nature equal ends produce,
In man, they join to ſome myſterious uſe:
Tho' each by turns the other's bound invade,
As in ſome well-wrought picture, light and ſhade,
And oft ſo mix, the diff'rence is too nice
Where ends the virtue, or begins the vice.
Fools! who from hence into the notion fall,
That vice or virtue there is none at all.
If white and black, blend, ſoften, and unite
A thouſand ways, is there no black or white?
Ask your *own heart*; and nothing is ſo plain;
'Tis to *miſtake* them, coſts the time and pain.
Vice is a monſter of ſo frightful mien,
As to be hated, needs but to be ſeen;

VER. 185, &c.] VIRTUE *and* VICE *join'd in our* mixt Nature; *the Limits* near, *yet the things* ſeparate, *and* evident. *The Office of* Reaſon.

Yet

Yet ſeen too *oft*, familiar with her face,
We firſt endure, then pity, then embrace.
But where th' *Extreme* of vice, was ne'er agreed:
Ask, where's the *North?* at York 'tis on the Tweed,
In Scotland at the Orcades, and there
At Greenland, Zembla, or the lord knows where.
No creature owns it in the firſt degree,
But thinks his neighbour farther gone than he.
Ev'n thoſe who dwell beneath its very Zone,
Or never feel the rage, or never own;
What happier natures ſhrink at with affright,
The hard Inhabitant contends is right.

Virtuous and vicious ev'ry man muſt be,
Few in th' extreme, but all in the degree;
The rogue and fool by fits is fair and wiſe,
And ev'n the beſt by fits what they deſpiſe.
'Tis but by *parts* we follow good or ill,
For, vice or virtue, SELF directs it ſtill;
Each individual ſeeks a ſev'ral goal;
But HEAV'N's great view is *one*, and that the WHOLE:
That counter-works each folly and caprice;
That diſappoints th' effect of ev'ry vice:

VER. 207.] Vice *odious in itſelf, and how we* deceive *ourſelves into it.*

VER. 221, &c.] *The* ENDS *of* PROVIDENCE *and* General Good *anſwer'd in our* Paſſions *and* Imperfections. *How uſefully theſe are diſtributed to all* Orders of men.

That

That, happy frailties to all ranks apply'd,
Shame to the virgin, to the matron pride,
Fear to the ſtateſman, raſhneſs to the chief,
To Kings preſumption, and to crowds belief.
That, Virtue's ends from *Vanity* can raiſe,
Which ſeeks no int'reſt, no reward but praiſe;
And build on *wants*, and on *defects* of mind,
The joy, the peace, the glory of mankind.
Heav'n forming each on other to depend,
A maſter, or a ſervant, or a friend,
Bids each on other for aſſiſtance call,
Till one man's weakneſs grows the ſtrength of all.
Wants, frailties, paſſions, cloſer ſtill ally
The common int'reſt, or endear the tye:
To *theſe* we owe true friendſhip, love ſincere,
Each home-felt joy that life inherits here:
Yet from the ſame we learn, in its decline,
Thoſe joys, thoſe loves, thoſe int'reſts to reſign;
Taught half by reaſon, half by mere decay,
To welcome death, and calmly paſs away.
Whate'er the Paſſion, knowledge, fame, or pelf,
Not one will change his neighbour with himſelf:
The learn'd is happy, nature to explore;
The fool is happy, that he knows no more;
The rich is happy, in the plenty given;
The poor contented with the care of heaven.

VER. 239.] *How uſeful theſe are to* SOCIETY *in general, and to* INDIVIDUALS *in particular*, 240, &c. *in every* STATE, *and ev'ry* AGE *of Life*, 261.

See the blind beggar dance, the cripple ſing,
The ſot a hero, lunatic a king.
The ſtarving chymiſt in his golden views
Supremely bleſt, the poet in his muſe.
See! ſome ſtrange Comfort ev'ry *ſtate* attend,
And *Pride* beſtow'd on all, a common friend;
See! ſome fit Paſſion ev'ry *age* ſupply,
Hope travels thro', nor quits us when we die.
Till then, *Opinion* gilds with varying rays
Thoſe painted clouds that beautify our days;
Each want of happineſs by Hope ſupply'd,
And each vacuity of ſenſe by Pride:
Theſe build as faſt as knowledge can deſtroy:
In Folly's cup ſtill laughs the bubble, Joy;
One proſpect loſt, another ſtill we gain;
And not a Vanity is giv'n in vain;
Even mean SELF-LOVE becomes, by force divine,
The ſcale to meaſure others wants by thine.
See! and confeſs, one comfort ſtill muſt riſe,
'Tis this, "tho' *Man's a Fool*, yet GOD IS WISE."

V. 273. See farther, of the Uſe of this *Principle* in Man. Epiſt. 3. ver. 121, 124, 135, 145, 200, &c. 270, &c. 316. And Epiſt. 4. ver. 348, and 358.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE III.

HERE then we reſt; "The Univerſal Cauſe
"Acts to *one end*, but acts by *various laws*."
In all the madneſs of ſuperfluous health,
The trim of pride, the impudence of wealth,
Let this great truth be preſent night and day;
But moſt be preſent, if we preach or pray.
Look round our world: behold the chain of Love
Combining all below, and all above.
See, plaſtic Nature working to *this end*,
The ſingle atoms each to other tend,
Attract, attracted to, the next in place,
Form'd and impell'd, its neighbour to embrace.
See Matter next, with various life endu'd,
Preſs to one centre ſtill, the *gen'ral good*.
See dying Vegetables life ſuſtain,
See Life diſſolving vegetate again:
All forms that periſh other forms ſupply,
By turns they catch the vital breath, and die;
Like bubbles on the ſea of matter born,
They riſe, they break, and to that ſea return.
Nothing is foreign: parts relate to whole:
One all-extending, all-preſerving ſoul

Of the Nature *and* State *of* MAN *with reſpect to* SOCIETY. *The whole Univerſe one Syſtem of Society.*

Connects each being, greateſt with the leaſt;
Makes beaſt in aid of man, and man of beaſt:
All ſerv'd, all ſerving! nothing ſtands alone;
The chain holds on, and *where* it ends, unknown.

Has God, thou fool! work'd ſolely for thy good,
Thy joy, thy paſtime, thy attire, thy food?
Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,
For him as kindly ſpread the flow'ry lawn.
Is it for thee the lark aſcends and ſings?
Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.
Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat?
Loves of his own, and raptures ſwell the note.
The bounding ſteed you pompouſly beſtride,
Shares with his lord the pleaſure and the pride.
Is thine alone the ſeed that ſtrows the plain?
The birds of heav'n ſhall vindicate their grain.
Thine the full harveſt of the golden year?
Part pays, and juſtly, the deſerving ſteer:
The hog that plows not, nor obeys thy call,
Lives on the labours of this lord of all.

Know, Nature's children all divide her care;
The fur that warms a monarch, warm'd a bear.
While man exclaims, "ſee all things for my uſe!
"See man for mine," replies a pamper'd gooſe;
What care to tend, to lodge, to cram, to treat him?
All this he knows, but not that 'tis to eat him.

V. 27. *Nothing made wholly for* Itſelf, *nor yet wholly for* another, *but the Happineſs of all Animals* mutual.

And

And juſt as ſhort of reaſon he muſt fall,
Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.
Grant, that the pow'rful ſtill the weak controul,
Be Man the wit, and tyrant of the whole:
Nature that tyrant checks; he only knows
And helps, another creature's wants and woes.
Say will the falcon, ſtooping from above,
Smit with her varying plumage, ſpare the dove?
Admires the jay the inſect's gilded wings,
Or hears the hawk when *Philomela* ſings?
Man cares for all: to birds he gives his woods,
To beaſts his paſtures, and to fiſh his floods;
For ſome, his int'reſt prompts him to provide,
For more his pleaſure, yet for more his pride:
All feed on one vain patron, and enjoy
Th' extenſive bleſſing of his luxury.
That very life his learned hunger craves,
He ſaves from famine, from the ſavage ſaves;
Nay feaſts the animal he dooms his feaſt,
And, till he ends the Being, makes it bleſt,
Which ſees no more the ſtroke, or feels the pain,
Than favour'd Man, by touch ætherial ſlain.
The creature had his feaſt of life before;
Thou too muſt periſh, when thy feaſt is o'er.

VER. 72.] Several of the Antients, and many of the Orientals ſince, eſteem'd thoſe who were ſtruck by Lightning as ſacred perſons, and the particular favourites of Heaven.

To each unthinking being, Heav'n a friend,
Gives not the uſeleſs knowledge of its End;
To Man imparts it; but with ſuch a view
As, while he dreads it, makes him hope it too:
The hour conceal'd, and ſo remote the fear,
Death ſtill draws nearer, never ſeeming near.
Great ſtanding Miracle! that heav'n aſſign'd
Its only thinking thing, this turn of mind.
Whether with Reaſon, or with Inſtinct bleſt,
Know, all enjoy that pow'r which ſuits 'em beſt,
To bliſs, alike, by that direction tend,
And find the means proportion'd to their end.
Say, where full Inſtinct is th' unerring guide,
What Pope or Council can they need beſide?
Reaſon, however able, cool at beſt,
Cares not for ſervice, or but ſerves when preſt;
Stays till we call, and then not often near;
But honeſt Inſtinct comes a Volunteer:
This too ſerves always, Reaſon never long;
One muſt go right, the other may go wrong.
See then the acting and comparing pow'rs
One in their nature, which are two in ours;
And Reaſon raiſe o'er Inſtinct, as you can,
In this 'tis God directs, in that 'tis Man.
Who taught the nations of the field and wood
To ſhun their poiſon, and to chooſe their food?

VER. 83.] Reaſon *or* Inſtinct *alike operate to the good of each* Individual, *and operate alſo to* SOCIETY, *in* all Animals.

Præſcient

Præſcient, the tides or tempeſts to withſtand,
Build on the wave, or arch beneath the ſand?
Who made the ſpider parallels deſign,
Sure as †*Demoivre*, without rule or line?
Who bid the ſtork, *Columbus* like, explore
Heav'ns not his own, and worlds unknown before?
Who calls the council, ſtates the certain day,
Who forms the phalanx, and who points the way?
GOD, in the nature of each being, founds
Its *proper Bliſs*, and ſets its *proper Bounds:*
But as he fram'd a Whole, the whole to bleſs
On mutual *Wants* built mutual Happineſs:
So from the firſt eternal ORDER ran,
And Creature link'd to Creature, Man to Man.
Whate'er of life all-quickening æther keeps,
Or breathes thro' air, or ſhoots beneath the deeps,
Or pours profuſe on earth; one nature feeds
The vital flame, and ſwells the genial ſeeds.
Not man alone, but all that roam the wood,
Or wing the ſky, or roll along the flood,
Each loves itſelf, but not itſelf alone,
Each Sex deſires alike, till two are one:
Nor ends the pleaſure with the fierce embrace;
They love themſelves, a third time, in their Race.
Thus beaſt and bird their common charge attend,
The mothers nurſe it, and the ſires defend;

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† Demoivre, *an eminent Mathematician.*

VER. 115.] *How far* SOCIETY *carry'd by* INSTINCT.

The young diſmiſs'd to wander earth or air,
There ſtops the Inſtinct, and there ends the care;
The link diſſolves, each ſeeks a freſh embrace,
Another love ſucceeds, another race.
A longer care Man's helpleſs kind demands;
That longer care contracts more laſting bands.
Reflection, Reaſon, ſtill the ties improve,
At once extend the int'reſt, and the love:
With Choice we fix, with Sympathy we burn,
Each Virtue in each Paſſion takes its turn;
And ſtill new Needs, new Helps, new Habits riſe,
That graft benevolence on charities.
Still as one brood, and as another roſe,
Theſe nat'ral love maintain'd, habitual thoſe;
The laſt ſcarce ripen'd into perfect man,
Saw helpleſs him from whom their life began:
Mem'ry and Forecaſt, juſt returns engage,
That pointed back to youth, this on to age;
While Pleaſure, Gratitude, and Hope combin'd
Still ſpread the int'reſt, and preſerv'd the kind.
Nor think, in NATURE's STATE they blindly trod;
The State of Nature was the Reign of GOD:
Self-Love, and Social, at her birth began,
Union the Bond of all things, and of Man.
Pride then was not; nor *Arts*, that pride to aid;
Man walk'd with beaſt, joint tenant of the ſhade;

VER 131.] *How much farther* SOCIETY *is carry'd by* Reaſon.

VER. 148.] *Of the* STATE *of* NATURE: *That it was* Social.

The

The ſame his table, and the ſame his bed;
No murder cloath'd him, and no murder fed.
In the ſame temple, the reſounding wood,
All vocal beings hymn'd their equal God:
The ſhrine with gore unſtain'd, with gold undreſt,
Unbrib'd, unbloody, ſtood the blameleſs Prieſt:
Heav'ns Attribute was Univerſal care,
And Man's Prerogative to rule, but ſpare.
Ah how unlike the man of times to come!
Of half that live, the Butcher, and the Tomb;
Who, foe to nature, hears the gen'ral groan,
Murders their ſpecies, and betrays his own.
But juſt diſeaſe to luxury ſucceeds,
And ev'ry death its own avenger breeds;
The Fury-Paſſions from that blood began,
And turn'd on man a fiercer ſavage, Man.
See him from nature riſing ſlow to art!
To copy Inſtinct then was Reaſon's part;
Thus then to man the voice of Nature ſpake—
"Go! from the creatures thy inſtructions take;
"Learn from the birds what food the thickets yield;
"Learn from the beaſts, the Phyſick of the field:
"Thy arts of building from the bee receive;
"Learn of the mole to plow, the worm to weave;
"Learn of the little Nautilus to ſail,
"Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.

VER. 170.] Reaſon *inſtructed by* Inſtinct *in the Invention of* Arts, *and in the* Forms *of* Society.

VER. 178.] Oppian. Halieut. Lib. 1. deſcribes this Fiſh in the following manner. "They ſwim on the ſurface

" Here too all forms of ſocial union find,
" And hence let Reaſon, late, inſtruct mankind:
" Here ſubterranean works and cities ſee,
" There towns aerial on the waving tree.
" Learn each ſmall people's genius, policies;
" The Ants Republick, and the Realm of Bees;
" How thoſe in common all their ſtores beſtow,
" And Anarchy without confuſion know;
" And theſe for ever, tho' a monarch reign,
" Their ſep'rate cells and properties maintain.
" Mark what unvary'd laws preſerve their ſtate,
" Laws wiſe as nature, and as fix'd as fate.
" In vain thy Reaſon finer webs ſhall draw,
" Entangle Juſtice in her net of law,
" And right too rigid harden into wrong,
" Still for the ſtrong too weak, the weak too ſtrong.
" Yet go! and thus o'er all the creatures ſway,
" Thus let the wiſer make the reſt obey,
" And for thoſe arts meer Inſtinct could afford,
" Be crown'd as monarchs, or as Gods ador'd.
Great *Nature* ſpoke; obſervant Men obey'd;
Cities were built, Societies were made:
Here roſe one little State; another near
Grew by like means, and join'd, thro' Love, or Fear.

" ſurface of the ſea, on the back of their ſhells,
" which exactly reſemble the hulk of a Ship; they
" raiſe two feet like maſts, and extend a membrane
" between, which ſerves as a ſail; the other two feet
" they employ as oars at the ſide. They are uſually
" ſeen in the Mediterranean.

VER. 200.] *Origine of* POLITICAL SOCIETIES.

Did

Did here the trees with ruddier burdens bend,
And there the ſtreams in purer rills deſcend?
What War could raviſh, Commerce could beſtow,
And he return'd a friend, who came a foe.
Converſe and Love mankind might ſtrongly draw,
When Love was Liberty, and Nature Law.
Thus States were form'd; the name of *King* unknown,
Till common int'reſt plac'd the ſway in one.
'Twas VIRTUE ONLY (or in arts, or arms,
Diffuſing bleſſings, or averting harms)
The ſame which in a Sire the ſons obey'd,
A Prince the father of a people made.

Till then, by nature crown'd, each Patriarch ſate,
King, Prieſt, and Parent of his growing ſtate:
On him, their ſecond Providence, they hung,
Their Law, his eye; their Oracle, his tongue:
He, from the wond'ring furrow call'd their food,
Taught to command the Fire, controul the Flood,
Draw forth the monſters of th' Abyſs profound,
Or fetch th' aerial Eagle to the ground.
Till drooping, ſickning, dying, they began
Whom they rever'd as God, to mourn as Man.
Then, looking up from ſire to ſire, explor'd
One great, firſt father, and that Firſt ador'd.
Or plain Tradition that this All *begun*,
Convey'd unbroken Faith from ſire to ſon,

VER. 211.] *Origine of* MONARCHY.
VER. 216.] —— *of* PATRIARCHAL GOVERNMENT.

The

The Worker from the Work diſtinct was known,
And ſimple reaſon never ſought but *one:*
E're Wit oblique had broke that ſteady light,
Man, like his Maker, ſaw, that all was right,
To virtue in the paths of pleaſure trod,
And own'd a Father when he own'd a God.
Love all the Faith, and all th' Allegiance then;
For Nature knew no right divine in Men,
No Ill could fear in God; and underſtood
A ſovereign Being but a ſovereign Good.
True Faith, true Policy, united ran,
That was but Love of God, and this of Man.
Who firſt taught ſouls enſlav'd, and realms undone,
Th' enormous faith of many made for one?
That proud Exception to all Nature's laws,
T' invert the world, and counterwork its Cauſe?
Force firſt made conqueſt, and that conqueſt, law;
Till Superſtition taught the tyrant awe,
Then ſhar'd the tyranny, then lent it aid,
And Gods of Conqu'rors, Slaves of ſubjects made:
She, midſt the lightning's blaze and thunder's ſound,
When rock'd the mountains, and when groan'd the ground,
She taught the weak to bend, the proud to pray
To Pow'r unſeen, and mightier far than they:
She, from the rending earth, and burſting skies,
Saw Gods deſcend, and Fiends infernal riſe;

Ver. 236.] *Origine of* True Religion *and* Government, *from the Principle of* Love; *and of* Superstition *and* Tyranny, *from that of* Fear.

Here

Here fix'd the dreadful, there the bleſt abodes;
Fear made her Devils, and weak hope her Gods:
Gods partial, changeful, paſſionate, unjuſt,
Whoſe attributes were rage, revenge, or luſt,
Such as the ſouls of Cowards might conceive,
And form'd *like* Tyrants, tyrants would believe.
Zeal then, not charity, became the guide,
And Hell was built on ſpite, and Heav'n on pride.
Then ſacred ſeem'd th' æthereal vault no more;
Altars grew marble then, and reek'd with gore:
Then firſt the Flamen taſted living food,
Next his grim idol ſmear'd with human blood,
With heav'n's own thunders ſhook the world below,
And play'd the God an engine on his foe.
So drives SELF-LOVE, thro' juſt and thro' unjuſt,
To one man's pow'r, ambition, lucre, luſt:
The ſame Self-love, in all, becomes the cauſe
Of what reſtrains him, Government and Laws.
For what one likes, if others like as well,
What ſerves one will, when many wills rebel?
How ſhall he keep, what ſleeping or awake
A weaker may ſurprize, a ſtronger take?
His Safety muſt his Liberty reſtrain;
All join to guard what each deſires to gain.
Forc'd into virtue thus by ſelf-defence,
Ev'n Kings learn'd juſtice and benevolence:

VER. 270.] *The Influence of* SELF-LOVE *operating to the* SOCIAL *and* Public Good.

Self-

Self-love forſook the path it firſt purſu'd,
And found the private in the public good.
'Twas then, the ſtudious head, or gen'rous mind,
Foll'wer of God, or friend of human kind,
Poet or Patriot, roſe, but to reſtore
The Faith and Moral *Nature* gave before;
Re-lum'd her ancient light, not kindled new;
If not God's image, yet his ſhadow drew:
Taught Pow'rs due uſe to People and to Kings,
Taught, nor to ſlack, nor ſtrain its tender ſtrings,
The leſs and greater ſet ſo juſtly true,
That touching one muſt ſtrike the other too,
Till jarring Int'reſts of themſelves create
Th' according Muſic of a well-mix'd State.
Such is the World's great harmony, that ſprings
From Union, Order, full Conſent of things;
Where ſmall and great, where weak and mighty, made
To ſerve not ſuffer ſtrengthen, not invade,
More pow'rful each, as needful to the reſt,
And in proportion as it bleſſes, bleſt,
Draw to one point, and to one centre bring
Beaſt, Man, or Angel, Servant, Lord, or King.
For Forms of Government let fools conteſt,
Whate'er is beſt adminiſtred, is beſt:

Ver. 284.] *Reſtoration of* True Religion *and* Government *on their firſt Principle.* Mixt *Governments; with the various Forms of each, and the* True Use of All.

The Deduction and Application of the foregoing Principles, with the *Uſe* or *Abuſe* of *Civil* and *Eccleſiaſtical Policy*, was intended for the ſubject of the third Book.

For

For Modes of Faith let graceleſs zealots fight,
His can't be wrong, whoſe life is in the right:
All muſt be falſe, that thwart this one, great End,
And all of God, that bleſs mankind, or mend.
  Man, like the gen'rous vine, ſupported lives,
The ſtrength he gains is from th' embrace he gives.
On their own Axis as the Planets run,
Yet make at once their circle round the Sun;
So two conſiſtent motions act the ſoul,
And one regards Itſelf, and one the Whole.
  Thus God and Nature link'd the gen'ral frame,
And bade SELF-LOVE and SOCIAL be the SAME.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE IV.

O HAPPINESS! our being's end and aim!
Good, pleaſure, eaſe, content! whate'er thy name:
That ſomething ſtill which prompts th'eternal ſigh,
For which we bear to live, and dare to die:
Which ſtill ſo near us, yet beyond us lies,
O'erlook'd, ſeen double, by the fool, and wiſe.
Plant of Cæleſtial ſeed! if dropt below,
Say, in what mortal ſoil thou deign'ſt to grow?
Fair opening to ſome Court's propitious ſhine,
Or deep with diamonds in the flaming Mine,
Twin'd with the wreaths Parnaſſian laurels yield,
Or reap'd in Iron harveſts of the Field?
Where grows—where grows it not?—If vain our toil,
We ought to blame the Culture, not the Soil:
Fix'd to no ſpot is Happineſs ſincere,
'Tis no where to be found, or ev'ry where,
'Tis never to be bought, but always free,
And fled from Monarchs, ST. JOHN! dwells with thee.
Ask of the Learn'd the way, the Learn'd are blind,
This bids to ſerve, and that to ſhun, mankind;
Some place the bliſs in action, ſome in eaſe,
Thoſe call it pleaſure, and contentment theſe:

Of the Nature *and* State *of* MAN, *with reſpect to* HAPPINESS.

Who

Who thus define it, ſay they more or leſs
Than this, that Happineſs is Happineſs?
One grants his pleaſure is but reſt from pain;
One doubts of all; one owns ev'n Virtue vain.
Take *Nature*'s path, and mad *Opinion*'s leave,
All States can reach it, and all Heads conceive;
Obvious her goods; in no extreme they dwell,
There needs but thinking right, and meaning well:
And mourn our various portions as we pleaſe,
Equal is *common Senſe*, and *common Eaſe*.
Remember, Man, "the Univerſal Cauſe
"Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws;
And makes what Happineſs we juſtly call,
Subſiſt not in the good of one, but all.
There's not a bleſſing Individuals find,
But ſome way leans and hearkens to the kind.
No Bandit fierce, no Tyrant mad with pride,
No cavern'd Hermit, reſt ſelf-ſatisfy'd;
Who moſt to ſhun or hate mankind pretend,
Seek an Admirer, or wou'd fix a Friend:
Abſtract what others feel, what others think,
All pleaſures ſicken, and all Glories ſink;

VER. 27.] HAPPINESS *the* END *of all men, and attainable by all.*

VER. 33.] GOD *governs by* general *not* particular *Laws*; *intends Happineſs to be* equal; *and to be ſo, it muſt be* ſocial, *ſince all particular Happineſs depends on general.*

Each has his ſhare; and who wou'd more obtain,
Shall find, the pleaſure pays not half the pain.
ORDER is Heav'n's great Law; and this confeſt,
Some are and muſt be, mightier than the reſt,
More rich, more wiſe: but who infers from hence
That ſuch are *happier*, ſhocks all common ſenſe.
Heav'n to mankind impartial we confeſs,
If all are equal in their Happineſs:
But mutual Wants this happineſs increaſe,
All Nature's diff'rence keeps all Nature's peace.
Condition, Circumſtance is not the thing;
Bliſs is the ſame, in Subject, or in King,
In who obtain defence, or who defend,
In him who is, or him who finds, a friend.
Heav'n breathes thro' ev'ry member of the whole
One common bleſſing, as one common ſoul.
But *Fortune*'s gifts if each alike poſſeſt,
And each were equal, muſt not all *conteſt?*
If then to all men Happineſs was meant,
God in Externals could not place content.
Fortune her gifts may variouſly diſpoſe,
And theſe be happy call'd, unhappy thoſe;
But Heav'n's juſt balance equal will appear,
While thoſe are plac'd in *Hope*, and theſe in *Fear:*

VER. 47.] *It is neceſſary for* ORDER *and the common Peace, that* External Goods *be* unequal, *therefore Happineſs is not conſtituted in theſe.*

VER. 65.] *The Balance of human happineſs kept equal (notwithſtanding* Externals) *by* HOPE *and* FEAR.

The Exemplification of this Truth, by a view of the *Equality of Happineſs* in the ſeveral particular *Stations* of life, were deſign'd for the ſubject of a future Epiſtle.

Not

Not preſent Good, or Ill, the joy or curſe,
But future views, of Better, or of Worſe.
Oh Sons of earth! attempt ye ſtill to riſe
By mountains pil'd on mountains, to the Skies?
Heav'n ſtill with laughter the vain toil ſurveys,
And buries madmen in the heaps they raiſe.
Know, all the Good that Individuals find,
Or God and Nature meant to meer mankind,
Reaſon's whole pleaſures, all the joys of Senſe,
Lie in three words, Health, Peace, and Competence.
But Health conſiſts with Temperance alone,
And Peace, O *Virtue!* Peace is all thy own;
The good or bad the gifts of Fortune gain;
But theſe leſs taſte them, as they worſe obtain.
Say, in purſuit of profit or delight,
Who riſque the moſt, that take wrong means or right?
Of Vice or Virtue, whether bleſt or curſt,
Which meets contempt, or which compaſſion firſt?
Count all th'advantage proſp'rous Vice attains,
'Tis but what Virtue flies from, and diſdains;
And grant the bad what happineſs they wou'd,
One they muſt want, which is, to paſs for good.
Oh blind to Truth, and God's whole Scheme below!
Who fancy Bliſs to Vice, to Virtue Woe:
Who ſees and follows that great Scheme the beſt,
Beſt knows the bleſſing, and will moſt be bleſt.

VER. 75.] *In what the Happineſs of* Individuals *conſiſts? and that the* GOOD MAN *has the Advantage, even in this world.*

VER. 91.] *That no man is unhappy thro'* VIRTUE.

But fools the Good alone unhappy call,
For ills or accidents that chance to All.
See FALKLAND dies, the virtuous and the juſt!
See godlike TURENNE proſtrate on the duſt!
See SIDNEY bleeds amid the martial ſtrife!
Was this their Virtue, or Contempt of life?
Say was it Virtue, (more tho' heav'n ne'er gave)
Lamented DIGBY! ſunk thee to the grave?
Tell me, if Virtue made the *Son* expire,
Why, full of days and honour, lives the *Sire?*
Why drew MARSEILLE's good Biſhop purer breath,
When Nature ſicken'd and each gale was death?
Or why ſo long (in Life if long can be)
Lent heav'n a *Parent* to the Poor, and me?
What makes all Phyſical or Moral ill?
There deviates Nature, and here wanders Will.
God ſends not Ill; if rightly underſtood,
Or partial ill is univerſal good,
Or Change admits, or Nature lets it fall,
Short and but rare, till Man improv'd it all.
We juſt as wiſely might of Heav'n complain,
That righteous Abel was deſtroy'd by Cain,
As that the virtuous ſon is ill at eaſe,
When his lewd father gave the dire diſeaſe.
Think we, like ſome weak Prince th' Eternal Cauſe,
Prone for his Fav'rites to reverſe his laws?
Shall burning Ætna, if a Sage requires,
Forget to thunder, and recall her fires!
On Air or Sea new motions be impreſt,
O blameleſs BETHEL! to relieve thy breaſt?

When

When the looſe Mountain trembles from on high,
Shall Gravitation ceaſe as you go by?
Or ſome old Temple, nodding to its fall,
For *Chartres'* head reſerve the hanging wall?
But ſtill this World (ſo fitted for the knave)
Contents us not. A better ſhall we have?
A kingdom of the Juſt then let it be:
But firſt conſider how thoſe Juſt agree?
The good muſt merit God's peculiar care;
But who but God can tell us who they are?
One thinks on *Calvin* Heav'n's own ſpirit fell,
Another deems him Inſtrument of hell;
If *Calvin* feel heav'n's bleſſing, or its rod,
This cries, "there is," and that, "there is no God."
What ſhocks one part will edify the reſt,
Nor with one Syſtem can they all be bleſt.
The very beſt will variouſly incline,
And what rewards your Virtue, puniſh mine.
"Whatever *is*, is RIGHT." This world, 'tis true,
Was made for *Cæſar*, but for *Titus* too:
And which more *bleſt?* who chain'd his Country, ſay,
Or he, whoſe Virtue ſigh'd to loſe a day?
"But ſometimes Virtue ſtarves while Vice is fed"
What then? is the reward of virtue, Bread?
That, Vice may merit: 'tis the price of Toil:
The knave deſerves it when he tills the ſoil,
The knave deſerves it when he tempts the Main,
Where Folly fights for Kings, or drowns for Gain.
The good man may be weak, be indolent,
Nor is his claim to Plenty, but Content.

But grant him Riches, your demand is o'er?
"No-ſhall the good want Health, the good want Pow'r?
Add health, and pow'r, and ev'ry earthly thing:
"Why bounded pow'r? why private? why no King?
Nay, why external for internal giv'n?
Why is not Man a God, and Earth a Heav'n?
Who ask and reaſon thus, will ſcarce conceive
God gives enough while he has more to give:
Immenſe the pow'r, immenſe were the demand:
Say, at what part of Nature will they ſtand?
What nothing earthly gives, or can deſtroy,
The ſoul's calm ſun-ſhine, and the heart-felt joy,
Is Virtue's prize: A better would you fix?
Then give Humility a Coach and ſix,
Juſtice a Conqu'ror's ſword, or Truth a Gown,
Or publick Spirit its great cure, a Crown.
Rewards, that either would to Virtue bring
No joy, or be deſtructive of the thing.
How oft by theſe at ſixty are undone
The virtues of a Saint at twenty-one?
For *Riches*, can they give, but to the Juſt,
His own contentment, or another's truſt?
Judges and Senates have been bought for gold,
Eſteem and Love were never to be ſold.
O Fool! to think, God hates the worthy mind,
The Lover, and the Love of Human kind,

VER. 167.] *That* External Goods *are not the proper Rewards of* Virtue; *often inconſiſtent with, or deſtructive of it; but that all theſe can make no man happy without* Virtue. *Inſtanced in each of them.*

1. Riches. Whoſe

Whoſe life is healthful, and whoſe conſcience clear;
Becauſe he wants a thouſand pounds a year!
Honour or ſhame from no Condition riſe;
Act well your part, there all the Honour lies.
Fortune in men has ſome ſmall diff'rence made,
One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade,
The Cobler apron'd, and the Parſon gown'd,
The Fryar hooded, and the Monarch crown'd.
"What differ more (you cry) than crown and cowl?"
I'll tell you, friend: a Wiſe man and a Fool.
You'll find, if once the Monarch acts the monk,
Or cobler-like, the Parſon will be drunk,
Worth makes the Man, and want of it the Fellow;
The reſt, is all but Leather or Prunella.
Stuck o'er with Titles, and hung round with Strings,
That thou may'ſt be, by Kings, or Whores of kings.
Thy boaſted blood, a thouſand years or ſo,
May from Lucretia to Lucretia flow;
But by your Fathers worth if yours you rate,
Count me thoſe only who were good and great.
Go! if your antient, but ignoble blood
Has crept thro' Scoundrels ever ſince the Flood,
Go! and pretend your Family is young;
Not own your fathers have been fools ſo long.
What can ennoble Sots, or Slaves, or Cowards?
Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards.
Look next on *Greatneſs*, ſay where Greatneſs lies?
"Where, but among the Heroes, and the Wiſe?"

---

2. Honours, 3. Titles, 4. Birth, 5. Greatneſs.

Heroes are much the ſame, the point's agreed,
From Macedonia's Madman to the Swede;
The whole ſtrange purpoſe of their lives, to find
Or make, an enemy of all mankind;
Not one looks backward, onward ſtill he goes,
Yet ne'er looks forward farther than his noſe.
No leſs alike the Politick and wiſe,
All ſly, ſlow things, with circumſpective eyes;
Men in their looſe, unguarded hours they take,
Nor that themſelves are wiſe, but others weak.
But grant that thoſe can conquer, theſe can cheat,
'Tis phraſe abſurd to call a Villain Great:
Who wickedly is wiſe, or madly brave,
Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.
Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
Or failing, ſmiles in Exile or in chains,
Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed
Like Socrates, that Man is great indeed.

What's *Fame?* that fancy'd Life in others breath,
A thing beyond us, ev'n before our death.
Juſt what you *hear*, you have; and what's unknown
The ſame (my Lord) if Tully's or your own.
All that we *feel* of it begins and ends
In the ſmall circle of our foes or friends;
To all beſide, as much an empty ſhade
An Eugene living, as a Cæſar dead,
Alike, or when or where, they ſhone or ſhine,
Or on the Rubicon, or on the Rhine.

---

6. Fame.

A Wit's

A Wit's a Feather, and a Chief a Rod;
An honeſt man's the nobleſt work of God:
Fame but from death a villain's name can ſave,
As juſtice tears his body from the grave;
When what t'oblivion better were reſign'd,
Is hung on high, to poiſon half mankind.
All Fame is foreign, but of true deſert,
Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart.
One ſelf-approving hour whole years out-weighs
Of ſtupid ſtarers, and of loud huzza's;
And more true joy Marcellus exil'd feels,
Than Cæſar with a Senate at his heels.
  In Parts ſuperior what advantage lies!
Tell (for *You* can) what is it to be wiſe?
'Tis but to know, how little can be known;
To ſee all others faults, and feel our own;
Condemn'd in Buſineſs or in Arts to drudge,
Without a Second, or without a Judge.
Truths would you teach, or ſave a ſinking land?
All fear, none aid you, and few underſtand.
Painful Preheminence! your ſelf to view
Above Life's weakneſs, and its Comforts too.
  Bring then theſe bleſſings to a ſtrict account,
Make fair deductions, ſee to what they mount.
How much of other each is ſure to coſt?
How each for other oft is wholly loſt?
How inconſiſtent greater goods with theſe?
How ſometimes Life is riſqu'd, and always Eaſe?

7. Superior Parts.

Think,

Think, and if ſtill the Things thy envy call,
Say, wouldſt thou be the Man to whom they fall?
To ſigh for ribbands if thou art ſo ſilly,
Mark how they grace Lord Umbra or Sir Billy.
Is yellow dirt the paſſion of thy life?
Look but on Gripus, or on Gripus' wife.
If parts allure thee, think how *Bacon* ſhin'd,
The wiſeſt, brighteſt, meaneſt of mankind.
Or raviſh'd with the whiſtling of a name,
See *Cromwell*, damn'd to everlaſting fame!
If all, united, thy ambition call,
From ancient Story learn to ſcorn them all.
There, in the rich, the honour'd, fam'd, and great,
See the falſe ſcale of Happineſs compleat!
In hearts of Kings or arms of Queens who lay,
(How happy!) thoſe to ruin, theſe betray.
Mark by what wretched ſteps their glory grows,
From dirt and ſea-weed as proud *Venice* roſe;
In each, how guilt and greatneſs equal ran,
And all that rais'd the Hero, ſunk the Man.
Now *Europe*'s laurels on their brows behold,
But ſtain'd with Blood, or ill exchang'd for Gold:
Then ſee them broke with Toils, or ſunk in Eaſe,
Or infamous for plunder'd Provinces.
Oh Wealth ill-fated! which no act of fame
E'er taught to ſhine, or ſanctify'd from ſhame!
What greater bliſs attends their cloſe of life?
Some greedy Minion, or imperious Wife,
The trophy'd Arches, ſtory'd Halls invade,
And haunt their ſlumbers in the pompous Shade.

Alas!

Alas! not dazled with their noontide ray,
Compute the morn and evening to the day:
The whole Amount of that enormous fame,
A Tale! that blends their Glory with their Shame.
Know then this truth (enough for man to know)
"VIRTUE alone is Happineſs below:"
The only point where human bliſs ſtands ſtill,
And taſtes the good without the fall to ill;
Where only, merit conſtant pay receives,
Is bleſs'd in what it takes, and what it gives;
The joy unequal'd, if its end it gain,
And if it loſe, attended with no pain:
Without ſatiety, tho' e'er ſo bleſs'd,
And but more reliſh'd, as the more diſtreſs'd:
The broadeſt mirth unfeeling Folly wears,
Leſs pleaſing far, than Virtue's very tears.
Good, from each object, from each place, acquir'd;
For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd;
Never elated, while one man's oppreſs'd;
Never dejected, while another's bleſs'd;
And where no wants, no wiſhes can remain,
Since but to wiſh more Virtue, is to gain.
See! the ſole bliſs Heav'n could on *All* beſtow;
Which who but feels, can taſte, but thinks, can know:

VER. 300.] *That* VIRTUE *only conſtitutes a Happineſs, whoſe Object is* Univerſal, *and whoſe Proſpect* Eternal.

VER. 318, &c.] *That the* Perfection *of* Happineſs *conſiſts in a* Conformity *to the* Order *of* Providence *here, and a* Reſignation *to it, here, and hereafter.*

Yet

Yet poor with Fortune, and with Learning blind,
The Bad muſt miſs, the Good untaught will find;
Slave to no ſect, who takes no private road,
But looks thro' Nature up to Nature's God,
Purſues that Chain which links th' immenſe deſign,
Joins Heav'n and Earth, and mortal, and divine;
Sees, that no being any bliſs can know,
But touches ſome above, and ſome below;
Learns, from this Union of the riſing Whole,
The firſt, laſt purpoſe of the human ſoul;
And knows, where Faith, Law, Morals, all began,
All end, in Love of God, and Love of Man.
For him alone, *Hope* leads from gole to gole,
And opens ſtill, and opens on his ſoul;
Till lengthen'd on to *Faith*, and unconfin'd,
It pours the bliſs that fills up all the mind.
He ſees, why Nature plants in Man alone
Hope of known bliſs, and Faith in bliſs unknown?
(Nature, whoſe dictates to no other kind
Are giv'n in vain, but what they ſeek, they find)
Wiſe is the Preſent: ſhe connects in this
His greateſt *Virtue* with his greateſt *Bliſs*;
At once his own bright proſpect to be bleſt,
And ſtrongeſt motive to aſſiſt the reſt.
Self-Love thus puſh'd to Social, to Divine,
Gives thee to make thy Neighbour's bleſſing thine:
Is this too little for the boundleſs heart?
Extend it, let thy Enemies have part:
Graſp the whole Worlds, of reaſon, life, and ſenſe,
In one cloſe ſyſtem of Benevolence:

Happier,

Happier, as kinder, in whate'er degree;
And height of *Bliſs* but height of CHARITY.
God loves from Whole to Parts: but human ſoul
Muſt riſe from Individual to the Whole.
Self-love but ſerves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the ſmall pebble ſtirs the peaceful lake;
The centre mov'd, a circle ſtrait ſucceeds,
Another ſtill, and ſtill another ſpreads,
Friend, parent, neighbour, firſt it will embrace,
His country next, and next all human race;
Wide, and more wide, th'o'erflowings of the mind
Take ev'ry creature in, of ev'ry kind;
Earth ſmiles around, with boundleſs bounty bleſt,
And Heav'n beholds its Image in his breaſt.
Come then, my Friend! my Genius come along,
Oh maſter of the Poet, and the Song!
And while the Muſe now ſtoops, or now aſcends,
To Man's low paſſions, or their glorious Ends,
Teach me, like thee, in various nature wiſe,
To fall with dignity, with temper riſe;
Form'd by thy converſe, happily to ſteer
From grave to gay, from lively to ſevere,
Correct with ſpirit, eloquent with eaſe,
Intent to reaſon, or polite to pleaſe.
O! while along the ſtream of Time, thy name
Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame,
Say, ſhall my little bark attendant ſail,
Purſue the triumph, and partake the gale?
When Stateſmen, Heroes, Kings, in duſt repoſe,
Whoſe ſons ſhall bluſh their fathers were thy foes,

Shall

Shall then this verſe to future age pretend
Thou wert my Guide, Philoſopher, and Friend?
That urg'd by thee, I turn'd the tuneful art
From Sounds to Things, from Fancy to the Heart;
For Wit's falſe mirror held up Nature's light;
Shew'd erring Pride, Whatever *Is*, is RIGHT;
That REASON, PASSION, anſwer *one great* AIM:
That true SELF-LOVE and SOCIAL are the SAME;
That VIRTUE only makes our BLISS below;
And all our Knowledge is, OURSELVES TO KNOW.

End of the Firſt Book of Ethic Epiſtles.

EPISTLES

EPISTLES

TO

SEVERAL PERSONS.

Eſt brevitate opus, ut currat ſententia, neu ſe
Impediat verbis laſſas onerantibus aures;
Et ſermone opus eſt, modo triſti, ſæpe jocoſo,
Defendente vicem modo Rhetoris atque Poetæ;
Interdum Urbani, parcentis viribus, atque
Extenuantis eas conſultò ——

HOR.

EPISTLE I.

TO

Sir RICHARD TEMPLE,

Lord Viſcount COBHAM.

YES, you deſpiſe the Man to Books confin'd,
Who from his Study rails at human kind;
Tho' what he learns, he ſpeaks, and may advance
Some gen'ral Maxims, or be right by chance.
The coxcomb Bird, ſo talkative and grave,
That from his cage cries cuckold, whore, and knave,
Tho' many a paſſenger he rightly call,
You hold him no Philoſopher at all.
And yet the fate of all Extremes is ſuch,
Men may be read, as well as Books, too much.

First printed in the Year 1733. Of the KNOWLEDGE and CHARACTERS of MEN. *That it is not ſufficient for this Knowledge to conſider Man in the* Abſtract.

V. 10. *Not to be learn'd, either by Books, or our own Obſervation ſingly, but by both.*

To Obſervations which ourſelves we make,
We grow more partial for th'Obſerver's ſake;
To written Wiſdom, as another's, leſs:
Maxims are drawn from Notions, theſe from Gueſs.
There's ſome *Peculiar* in each leaf and grain;
Some unmark'd fibre, or ſome varying vein:
Shall only Man be taken in the groſs?
Grant but as many ſorts of Mind, as Moſs.
That each from other differs, firſt confeſs;
Next, that he varies from himſelf no leſs:
Add Nature's, Cuſtom's, Reaſon's, Paſſion's ſtriſe,
And all Opinion's Colours caſt on life.
Yet more; the diff'rence is as great between
The Optics ſeeing, as the Objects ſeen.
All Manners take a tincture from our own,
Or come diſcolour'd thro' our Paſſions ſhown,
Or Fancy's beam inlarges, multiplies,
Contracts, inverts, and gives ten thouſand dyes.
Our depths who fathoms, or our ſhallows finds?
Quick whirls, and ſhifting eddies, of our minds?

V. 15. *General Maxims notional, a Peculiarity in ev'ry Man.*

V. 19. *The difficulties of diſcovering and fixing this Peculiarity.*

V. 29. *The Uncertainty of the Principle of Action in Men.*

V. 18. There are above 300 Sorts of Moſs obſerved by Naturaliſts.

Life's

Life's ſtream for obſervation will not ſtay,
It hurries all too faſt to mark their way:
In vain ſedate reflections we would make,
When half our knowledge we muſt ſnatch, not take.
On human Actions reaſon tho' you can,
It may be Reaſon, but it is not Man;
His Principle of Action once explore,
That inſtant, 'tis his principle no more;
Like following Life thro' Creatures you diſſect,
You loſe it, in the moment you detect.

Oft, in the Paſſions wild rotation toſt,
Our Spring of Action to ourſelves is loſt:
Tir'd, not determin'd, to the laſt we yield,
And what comes then is maſter of the field.
As the laſt Image of that troubled heap,
When Senſe ſubſides, and Fancy ſports in ſleep,
(Tho' paſt the recollection of the thought)
Becomes the ſtuff of which our Dream is wrought;
Something, as dim to our internal view,
Is thus perhaps the cauſe of all we do.

In vain the grave, with retroſpective eye,
Would from th' apparent *what* conclude the *why*,
Infer the Motive from the Deed, and ſhow
That what we *chanc'd*, was what we *meant* to do.

V. 41. *Our own Principle of Action, often unknown to ourſelves.*

V. 51, &c. *to* 70. *No judging of the* Motives *from the* Actions, *the ſame Actions proceeding from contrary Motives, and contrary Actions from the ſame Motives.*

Behold! if Fortune, or a Miſtreſs frowns,
Some plunge in bus'neſs, others ſhave their crowns:
To eaſe the ſoul of one oppreſſive weight,
This quits an Empire, that embroils a State:
The ſame aduſt complexion has impell'd
Charles to the Convent, Philip to the Field.

Not always *Actions* ſhew the Man: we find,
Who does a kindneſs is not therefore kind;
Perhaps Proſperity becalm'd his breaſt;
Perhaps the Wind juſt ſhifted from the Eaſt.
Not therefore humble, he who ſeeks retreat,
Pride guides his ſteps, and bids him ſhun the Great.
Who combats bravely, is not therefore brave;
He dreads a Death-bed like the meaneſt ſlave.
Who reaſons wiſely, is not therefore wiſe;
His pride in reas'ning, not in acting lies.

But grant that Actions beſt diſcover Man;
Take the moſt *ſtrong*, and ſort them as you can:
The *few* that glare, each Character muſt mark,
You balance not the *many* in the dark.
What will you do with ſuch as diſagree?
Suppreſs them, or miſcall them Policy?
Muſt then at once (the Character to ſave)
The plain, rough Hero turn a crafty Knave?

V 60. CHARLES V. PHILIP II.

V. 71. *To form* Characters, *we can only take the ſtrongeſt and moſt ſhining Actions of a man's Life, and try to make them conſiſtent. The Uncertainty of this.*

Alas!

Alas! in truth the man but chang'd his mind,
Perhaps was ſick, in love, or had not din'd.
Ask why from Britain, Cæſar made retreat?
Cæſar perhaps had told you, he was beat.
The mighty Czar what mov'd to wed a Punk?
The mighty Czar might anſwer, he was drunk.
But, ſage Hiſtorians! 'tis your task to prove
One action, Conduct, one, Heroic love.
'Tis from *high Life* high Characters are drawn;
A Saint in crape is twice a Saint in lawn;
A Judge is juſt, a Chanc'lor juſter ſtill;
A Gownman learn'd; a Biſhop, what you will:
Wiſe, if a Miniſter; but if a King,
More wiſe, more learn'd, more juſt, more ev'ry thing.
Court-Virtues bear, like Gems, the higheſt rate,
Born where Heav'n's influence ſcarce can penetrate.
In Life's low vale, (the ſoil the Virtues like)
They pleaſe as beauties, here as wonders ſtrike.
Tho' the ſame Sun with all diffuſive rays
Bluſh in the roſe, and in the diamond blaze,
We prize the ſtronger effort of his pow'r,
And always ſet the Gem above the Flow'r.
'Tis *Education* forms the vulgar mind;
Juſt as the Twig is bent, the Tree's inclin'd.
Boaſtful and rough, your firſt Son is a Squire;
The next a Tradeſman, meek, and much a Liar:

V. 87. *Characters given merely according to the* Rank *of men in the world.*

V. 101. Education *alters the Character of moſt men.*

Tom ſtruts a Soldier, open, bold, and brave;
Will ſneaks a Scriv'ner, an exceeding Knave:
Is he a Churchman? then he's fond of pow'r;
A Quaker? ſly; a Presbyterian? ſour;
A ſmart Free-thinker? all things in an hour.

True, ſome are open and to all men known;
Others ſo very cloſe, they're hid from none:
(So Darkneſs fills the eye no leſs than Light)
Thus gracious CHANDOS is belov'd at ſight:
And ev'ry child hates *Shylock*, tho' his ſoul
Still ſits at ſquat, and peeps not from its hole.

At half mankind when gen'rous *Manly* raves,
All know 'tis Virtue, for he thinks them knaves.
When univerſal homage *Umbra* pays,
All ſee 'tis Vice, and itch of vulgar praiſe.
Who but deteſts th' Endearments of *Courtine?*
While *One* there is, who charms us with his *Spleen.*

But theſe plain Characters we rarely find,
Tho' ſtrong the Bent, yet quick the Turns of mind.
Or puzzling Contraries confound the whole,
Or Affectations quite reverſe the ſoul.
The dull, flat Falſehood ſerves for Policy,
And in the Cunning, Truth itſelf's a Lye.
Unthought of Frailties cheat us in the Wiſe,
The Fool lies hid in Inconſiſtencies.

V. 110. *Of plain Characters.*
V. 122. *Of the Cauſes confounding Characters.*
V. 130. *Of the Inconſiſtency of a Man with himſelf.*

See

See the ſame man, in vigour, in the gout;
Alone, in company; in place, or out;
Early at Buſ'neſs, and at Hazard late;
Mad at a Fox-chaſe, wiſe at a Debate;
Drunk at a Borough, civil at a Ball;
Friendly at Hackney, faithleſs at Whitehall.

Catius is ever moral, ever grave,
Thinks who endures a knave, is next a knave:
Save juſt at Dinner —— then preſers, no doubt,
A Rogue with Ven'ſon to a Saint without.

Who would not praiſe *Patritio*'s high deſert?
His hand unſtain'd, his uncorrupted heart,
His comprehenſive head; all Int'reſts weigh'd,
All Europe ſav'd, yet Britain not betray'd.
He thanks you not; his pride was in Piquette,
Newmarket-fame, and judgment at a Bett.

Triumphant Leaders, at an Army's head,
Hemm'd round with Glories, pilfer cloth or bread,
As meanly plunder, as they bravely fought,
Now ſave a People, and now ſave a groat.

What made (ſay Montagne, or more ſage Charron!)
Otho a Warrior, *Cromwell* a Buffoon?
A perjur'd Prince a *leaden Saint* revere?
A god-leſs Regent tremble at a *Star?*

V. 136. *Unimaginable Weakneſſes in the beſt or greateſt Men.*

V. 152. A perjur'd Prince, &c. Lewis XI. *of* France.

V. 155, *&c. Victor Amadeo* II. King of *Sardinia*, who reſign'd his Crown to his Son, and afterwards being inclin'd to reſume it, was impriſoned till he died.

The Throne a *Bigot* keep, a *Genius* quit,
Faithleſs thro' Piety, and dup'd thro' Wit?
Europe, a Woman, Child, or Dotard rule;
And juſt her ableſt Monarch made a fool?
Know, God and Nature only are the ſame:
In Man, the judgment ſhoots at flying game;
A Bird of paſſage! loſt, as ſoon as found;
Now in the Moon perhaps, now under ground!
Ask mens *Opinions: Scoto* now ſhall tell
How trade increaſes, and the world goes well;
Strike off his Penſion by the ſetting ſun,
And Britain, if not *Europe*, is undone.
Manners with Fortunes, *Humour* change with Climes,
Tenets with Books, and *Principles* with Times.
Judge we by *Nature?* Habit can efface,
Int'reſt o'ercome, or Policy take place:
By *Actions?* thoſe Uncertainty divides:
By *Paſſions?* theſe Diſſimulation hides:
Affections? they ſtill take a wider range:
Find, if you can, in what you cannot change?
'Tis in the *ruling Paſſion:* there alone,
The wild are conſtant, and the cunning known,

V. 158. *Nothing conſtant and certain, but* God *and* Nature.

V. 162, &c. *No judgment to be made of Men by their Opinions, Manners, Humours, Principles, Conſtitution, Actions, Affections, Paſſions —— only by the* Ruling Passion.

V. 175. *This, if to be found, reconciles the ſeeming, or real Inconſiſtencies of Men's Actions. An Example, in a Character of the ſtrongeſt Contradictions.*

The fool conſiſtent, and the falſe ſincere;
Prieſts, Princes, Women, no diſſemblers here.
This Clue once found, unravels all the reſt;
The proſpect clears, and Clodio ſtands confeſt.
Clodio, the Scorn and Wonder of our days,
Whoſe ruling Paſſion was the *Luſt of Praiſe*;
Born with whate'er could win it from the Wiſe,
Women and Fools muſt like him, or he dies.
Tho' wond'ring Senates hung on all he ſpoke,
The Club muſt hail him, Maſter of the *Joke*.
Shall parts ſo various aim at nothing new?
He'll ſhine a Tully, and a Willmot too:
Then turns repentant, and his God adores
With the ſame ſpirit that he drinks and whores:
Enough, if all around him but admire,
And now the Punk applaud, and now the Fry'r.
Thus, with each gift of Nature, and of Art,
And wanting nothing but an honeſt heart;
Grown all to all, from no one Vice exempt,
And moſt contemptible to ſhun contempt:
His Paſſion, ſtill to covet gen'ral praiſe,
His Life, to forfeit it a thouſand ways;
A conſtant bounty, which no friend has made;
An Angel tongue, which no man can perſuade;
A Fool, with more of Wit than half mankind,
Too raſh for Thought, for Action too refin'd;
A Tyrant to the Wife his heart approves;
A Rebel to the very King he loves;
He dies, ſad out-caſt of each Church and State!
And (harder ſtill) flagitious, yet not great!

Ask

Ask you why *Clodio* broke thro' ev'ry rule?
'Twas all for fear, the Knaves ſhould call him Fool.
Nature well known, no Miracles remain;
Comets are regular, and Clodio plain.
Yet in the ſearch, the wiſeſt may miſtake,
If *ſecond* Qualities for *firſt* they take:
When Catiline by rapine ſwell'd his ſtore,
When Cæſar made a noble Dame a whore,
In this the Luſt, in that the Avarice,
Were means, not ends: Ambition was the vice.
That very Cæſar, born in Scipio's days,
Had aim'd like him, by Chaſtity, at praiſe:
Lucullus, when Frugality could charm,
Had roaſted Turnips in the Sabin farm.
In vain th'Obſerver eyes the Builder's toil,
But quite miſtakes the *Scaffold* for the *Pile*.
In this one Paſſion, Man can ſtrength enjoy,
As Fits give vigour, juſt when they deſtroy.
Time that on all things lays his lenient hand,
Yet tames not this: it ſticks to our laſt ſand:
Conſiſtent in our follies, and our ſins,
Here honeſt Nature ends as ſhe begins.
Behold a rev'rend Sire, whom Want of grace
Has made the father of a nameleſs race.

V. 210. *A caution againſt the miſtake of* ſecond Qualities *for* firſt, *which will deſtroy all poſſibility of the Knowledge of Mankind.*

V. 222, *&c. Examples of the ſtrength, and certain continuance of the* Ruling Paſſion *till Death.*

Of the *Uſe* of this Paſſion, ſee the Eſſay on man, Epiſt. 2. v. 123, 155, 165.

Crawl

Crawl thro' the ſtreet, ſhov'd on, or rudely preſs'd
By his own ſons, that paſs him by un-bleſs'd!
Still to his wench he creeps on knocking knees,
And envies ev'ry Sparrow that he ſees.
A Salmon's belly, *Helluo*, was thy fate:
The Doctor call'd declares all help too late.
Mercy! cries *Helluo*, mercy on my ſoul!
Is there no hope? alas! then bring the Jowl.
"Odious! in *Woollen!* 'twou'd a Saint provoke,
(Were the laſt words that poor *Narciſſa* ſpoke)
"No, let a charming Chintz, and *Bruſſels* lace
"Wrap my cold limbs, and ſhade my lifeleſs face:
"One would not, ſure, be frightful when one's dead--
"And, *Betty!* give this cheek a little Red.
Old Politicians chew on Wiſdom paſt,
And blunder on in buſ'neſs to the laſt;
As weak as earneſt; and as gravely *out*,
As ſober *Laneſb'row*, dancing in the Gout.
The Courtier ſmooth, who forty years had ſhin'd
An humble Servant to all Human kind,

V. 247. An ancient Nobleman, who continued this practiſe long after his legs were diſabled by the Gout. Upon the death of Prince *George* of *Denmark*, he demanded an Audience of the *Queen*, to adviſe her to preſerve her health, and diſpel her grief by *Dancing*.

The reſt of theſe Inſtances are ſtrictly true, tho' the perſons are not named.

Juſt

Juſt brought out this, when ſcarce his tongue could ſtir,
"If—where I'm going—I could ſerve you, Sir."
"I give and I deviſe (old *Euclio* ſaid,
And ſigh'd) "my Lands and Tenements to *Ned*."
Your Money, Sir? "My Money, Sir! what all?
"Why—if I muſt—(then wept) I give it *Paul*." 255
The Mannor, Sir? "The Mannor! hold, he cry'd,
"Not that—I cannot part with that"—and dy'd.
And you! brave COBHAM, to the lateſt breath,
Shall feel your *ruling Paſſion* ſtrong in death:
Such in thoſe moments as in all the paſt, 260
"O ſave my Country, Heav'n!" ſhall be your laſt.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE II.

To a LADY.

NOTHING ſo true as what you once let fall,
"Moſt Women have no Characters at all."
Matter too ſoft a laſting mark to bear,
And beſt diſtinguiſh'd by black, brown, or fair.
How many Pictures of one Nymph we view,
All how unlike each other, all how true!
Arcadia's Counteſs, here in ermin'd pride,
Is there *Paſtora* by a Fountain ſide:
Here *Fannia*, leering on her own good man,
Is there, a naked *Leda* with a Swan.
Let then the Fair-one beautifully cry,
In *Magdalen*'s looſe hair and lifted eye,

Of the CHARACTERS of WOMEN, [a Corollary to the former Epiſtle] *treating of this Sex only as contradiſtinguiſhed from the other. Firſt publiſh'd in* 1735.

V. 1, *&c. That the* particular Characters *of Women are not ſo ſtrongly mark'd as thoſe of Men, ſeldom ſo fixed, and ſtill more inconſiſtent with themſelves.*

Or

Or dreſt in ſmiles of ſweet *Cecilia* ſhine,
With ſimp'ring Angels, Palms, and harps divine;
Whether the Charmer ſinner it, or ſaint it,
If Folly grows romantic, I muſt paint it?
Come then, the colours and the ground prepare!
Dip in the Rainbow, trick her off in Air,
Chuſe a firm Cloud before it fall, and in it
Catch, e're ſhe change, the *Cynthia* of this minute.
Rufa, whoſe eye quick-glancing o'er the *Park*,
Attracts each light gay Meteor of a Spark,
Agrees as ill with *Rufa* ſtudying *Locke*,
As *Sapho*'s diamonds with her dirty ſmock;
Or *Sapho*, at her Toilet's greazy task,
And iſſuing flagrant to an evening Mask,
So morning inſects that in muck begun,
Shine, buzz, and fly-blow, in the ſetting-ſun.
How ſoft is *Silia!* fearful to offend,
The frail one's advocate, the weak one's friend:
To her, *Caliſta* prov'd her conduct nice,
And good *Simplicius* asks of her Advice.
Sudden ſhe ſtorms! ſhe raves! You tip the wink,
But ſpare your cenſure, *Silia* does not drink.

Inſtances *of this Poſition, given even from ſuch* Characters *as are moſt ſtrongly mark'd, and ſeemingly therefore moſt* conſiſtent. *As firſt, Contrarieties in the* Affected. Ver. 21.

II. *Contrarieties in the* Soft-natur'd. Ver. 29, and 37.

All

All eyes may ſee from what the change aroſe,
All eyes may ſee——a Pimple on her noſe.
Papillia, wedded to her am'rous ſpark,
Sighs for the ſhades—"How charming is a *Park!*
A *Park* is purchas'd; but the Fair he ſees
All bath'd in tears—"Oh odious, odious *Trees!*
Ladies like variegated Tulips ſhow,
'Tis to their changes half their charms we owe,
Such happy ſpots the nice admirer take,
Fine by defect, and delicately weak.
'Twas thus *Calypſo* once our hearts alarm'd,
Aw'd without Virtue, without Beauty charm'd;
Her Tongue bewitch'd as odly as her Eyes,
Leſs Wit than Mimic, more a Wit than wiſe;
Strange graces ſtill, and ſtranger flights ſhe had,
Was juſt not ugly, and was juſt not mad;
Yet ne'er ſo ſure our paſſion to create,
As when ſhe touch'd the brink of all we hate.
Narciſſa's nature, tolerably mild,
To make a waſh, would hardly ſtew a child,
Has ev'n been prov'd to grant a Lover's pray'r,
And paid a Tradeſman once, to make him ſtare,
Gave alms at *Eaſter* in a chriſtian trim,
And made a Widow happy, for a whim.
Why then declare Good-nature is her ſcorn,
When 'tis by that alone ſhe can be born?

III. Contrarieties in the *Cunning* and *Artful*. Ver. 45.
IV. In the *Whimſical*. Ver. 53.

Why

Why pique all mortals, yet affect a name?
A fool to Pleaſure, yet a ſlave to Fame!
Now deep in *Taylor* and the book of *Martyrs*,
Now drinking citron with his Grace and *Chartres*.
Now Conſcience chills her, and now Paſſion burns;
And Atheiſm and Religion take their turns;
A very heathen in the carnal part,
Yet ſtill a ſad, good Chriſtian at her heart.
Flavia's a Wit, has too much ſenſe to *pray*,
To *toaſt* our wants and wiſhes, is her way;
Nor aſks of *God* but of her *Stars* to give
The mighty bleſſing, "while we live, to live."
Then all for Death, that Opiate of the ſoul!
Lucretia's dagger, *Roſamonda*'s bowl.
Say, what can cauſe ſuch impotence of mind?
A Spark too fickle, or a Spouſe too kind.
Wiſe Fool! with pleaſures too refin'd to pleaſe,
With too much ſpirit to be e'er at eaſe,
With too much quickneſs ever to be taught,
With too much thinking to have common thought:
Who purchaſe pain with all that joy can give,
And die of nothing but a Rage to live.
Turn then from Wits; and look on *Simo*'s Mate;
No Aſs ſo meek, no Aſs ſo obſtinate:
Or her, that owns her faults, but never mends,
Becauſe ſhe's honeſt, and the beſt of friends:

V. Contrarieties in the *Witty* and *Refin'd*. V. 69.
VI.—in the *ſtupid* and *ſimple*. V. 83.

Or

Or her, whoſe life the Church and Scandal ſhare,
For ever in a Paſſion or a Pray'r:
Or her who laughs at Hell, but (like her Grace)
Cries, oh how charming if there's no ſuch place!
Or who in ſweet viciſſitude appears
Of Mirth and Opium, Ratifie and Tears,
The daily Anodyne, and nightly draught,
To kill thoſe foes to fair ones, Time and Thought.
Woman and Fool are *two* hard things to hit,
For true No-meaning puzzles more than Wit.
Pictures like theſe, (dear Madam) to deſign,
Ask no firm hand, and no unerring line;
Some wand'ring touches, ſome reflected light,
Some flying ſtroke, alone can hit them right;
For how ſhould equal colours do the knack,
Cameleons who can paint in white and black?
* In publick Stations Men ſometimes are ſhown,
A Woman's ſeen in private life alone:
Our bolder Talents in full view diſplay'd,
Your Virtues open faireſt in the ſhade.

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* Between this and the former lines, and alſo in ſome following parts, a want of Connection may be perceived, occaſioned by the omiſſion of certain *Examples* and *Illuſtrations* of the Maxims laid down, which may put the reader in mind of what the Author has ſaid in his Imitation of *Horace*,

Publiſh the preſent Age, but where the text
Is Vice too high, reſerve it for the next.

Bred to diſguiſe, in publick 'tis you hide;
Where none diſtinguiſh 'twixt your *Shame* or *Pride*,
Weakneſs or *Delicacy*; all ſo nice,
Each is a ſort of Virtue, and of Vice.
In Men, we various ruling Paſſions find,
In Women, two almoſt divide the Kind;
Thoſe only fix'd, they firſt or laſt obey,
The Love of *Pleaſures*, and the Love of *Sway*.
That, *Nature* gives; and where the Leſſon taught
Is ſtill to pleaſe, can Pleaſure ſeem a fault?
Experience, this: by Man's Oppreſſion curſt,
They ſeek the ſecond not to loſe the firſt.
Men, ſome to Bus'neſs, ſome to Pleaſure take,
But every Woman is, at heart, a Rake:
Men, ſome to Quiet, ſome to publick Striſe,
But every Lady would be Queen for life.
Yet mark the fate of a whole Sex of Queens!
Pow'r all their end, but Beauty all the means.
In Youth they conquer, with ſo wild a rage,
As leaves them ſcarce a Subject in their Age:

V. 111. *The former part having ſhewn that the* particular Characters *of Women are more various than thoſe of Men, it is nevertheleſs obſerv'd, that the* General *Characteriſtic of the Sex, as to the* Ruling Paſſion, *is more uniform.*

V. 115. *This is occaſioned partly by their* Nature, *partly their* Education, *and in ſome degree by* Neceſſity.

V. 123. *What are the* Aims *and the* Fate *of this Sex?* I. — *as to* Power.

For

For foreign glory, foreign joy, they roam;
No thought of Peace or Happineſs at home.
But Wiſdom's Triumph is well-tim'd Retreat,
As hard a ſcience to the Fair as Great!
Beauties like Tyrants, old and friendleſs grown,
Yet hate Repoſe, and dread to be alone:
Worn out in publick, weary ev'ry eye,
Nor leave one ſigh behind them when they die.
Pleaſures the Sex, as Children birds, purſue,
Still out of reach, yet never out of view,
Sure, if they catch, to ſpoil the Toy at moſt,
To covet flying, and regret when loſt:
At laſt, to Follies Youth could ſcarce defend,
It grows their Age's prudence to pretend:
Aſham'd to own they gave delight before,
Reduc'd to feign it, when they give no more:
As Hags hold *Sabbaths*, leſs for joy than ſpight,
So theſe their merry miſerable Night;
Still round and round the Ghoſts of Beauty glide,
And haunt the Places where their Honour dy'd.
See how the World its Veterans rewards!
A Youth of Frolicks, an old Age of Cards,
Fair to no purpoſe, artful to no end,
Youg without Lovers, old without a Friend,
A Fop their Paſſion, but their Prize a Sot,
Alive, ridiculous, and dead forgot!
Ah Friend! to *dazzle* let the Vain deſign,
To raiſe the Thought and touch the Heart, be thine!

11.—As to *Pleaſure*. V. 135.

That Charm ſhall grow, while what fatigues the Ring
Flaunts and goes down, an unregarded thing.
So when the Sun's broad beam has tir'd the ſight,
All mild aſcends the Moon's more ſober light,
Serene in Virgin Modeſty ſhe ſhines,
And unobſerv'd the glaring Orb declines.

Oh! bleſt with *Temper*, whoſe unclouded ray
Can make to morrow chearful as to day;
She, who can love a Siſter's charms, or hear
Sighs for a Daughter with unwounded ear;
Who never anſwers till a Husband cools,
Or, if ſhe rules him, never ſhows ſhe rules;
Charms by accepting, by ſubmitting ſways,
Yet has her humour moſt, when ſhe obeys;
Lets Fops or Fortune fly which way they will;
Diſdains all loſs of Tickets, or Codille;
Spleen, Vapours, or Small-pox, above them all,
And Miſtreſs of herſelf, tho' China fall.

And yet believe me, good as well as ill,
Woman's at beſt a Contradiction ſtill.
Heav'n, when it ſtrives to poliſh all it can
Its laſt, beſt work, but forms a *ſofter Man*;
Picks from each ſex, to make the Fav'rite bleſt,
Your love of Pleaſure, our deſire of Reſt,
Bleds, in exception to all gen'ral rules,
Your Taſte of Follies, with our Scorn of Fools.

V. 153. *Advice for their true Intereſt.*

V. 175. *The Picture of an eſteemable Woman, with the beſt kind of Contrarieties.*

Re-

Reſerve with Frankneſs, Art with Truth ally'd,
Courage with Softneſs, Modeſty with Pride,
Fix'd Principles, with Fancy ever new;
Shakes all together, and produces——*You.*

Ev'n ſuch is Woman's Fame: With this un-bleſt,
Toaſts live a ſcorn, and Queens may die a jeſt.
This Phœbus promis'd, (I forget the Year,)
When thoſe blue eyes firſt open'd on the ſphere;
Aſcendant Phœbus watch'd that hour with care,
Averted half your Parents ſimple Pray'r,
And gave you *Beauty*, but deny'd the *Pelf*
That buys your Sex a Tyrant o'er itſelf:
The gen'rous God, who Wit and Gold refines,
And ripens Spirits as he ripens Mines,
Kept Droſs for Ducheſſes, the world ſhall know it,
To you gave Senſe, Good-humour, and a Poet.

EPISTLE III.

To the Rt. Honourable

ALLEN Lord BATHURST. *

WHO ſhall decide, when Doctors diſagree,
And ſoundeſt Caſuiſts doubt, like you and me?
You hold the Word, from Jove to Momus giv'n,
That Man was made the ſtanding Jeſt of heav'n,
And *Gold* but ſent to keep the fools in play,
For half to heap, and half to throw away.
But I, who think more highly of our Kind,
(And ſurely Heav'n and I are of a mind)
Opine, that Nature, as in duty bound,
Deep hid the ſhining miſchief under ground:
But when, by Man's audacious labour won,
Flam'd forth this Rival to its fire the Sun,
Then, in plain proſe, were made two ſorts of men,
To ſquander ſome, and ſome to hide agen.

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* Firſt publiſhed in 1732.

OF THE USE OF RICHES. *That the true uſe of Riches is known to few, moſt falling into one of the Extremes,* Avarice *or* Profuſion. V. 1, *&c.*

Like

Like Doctors thus, when much diſpute has paſt,
We find our Tenets juſt the ſame at laſt:
Both fairly owning, Riches in effect
No Grace of heav'n, or token of th' Elect;
Giv'n to the Fool, the Mad, the Vain, the Evil,
To *Ward*, to *Waters*, *Chartres*, and the Devil.

What

V. 20. JOHN WARD of Hackney, Eſq; Member of Parliament, being proſecuted by the Ducheſs of Buckingham, and convicted of Forgery, was firſt expelled the Houſe, and then ſtood in the Pillory on the 17th of March 1727. He was ſuſpected of joining in a Conveyance with Sir John Blount to ſecrete fifty thouſand pounds of that Director's Eſtate, forfeited to the South Sea Company by Act of Parliament. The Company recovered the fifty thouſand pounds againſt Ward, but he ſet up prior Conveyances of his real Eſtate to his Brother and Son, and conceal'd all his perſonal, which was computed to be one hundred and fifty thouſand pounds: Theſe Conveyances being alſo ſet aſide by a Bill in Chancery, Ward was impriſoned, and hazarded the forfeiture of his life by not giving in his Effects till the laſt day, which was that of his Examination. During his confinement, his amuſement was to give Poiſon to Dogs and Cats, and ſee them expire by ſlower or quicker torments. To ſum up the *Worth* of this Gentleman, at the ſeveral Æra's of his life; at his ſtanding in the Pillory he was *worth above two hundred thouſand pounds*; at his Commitment to Priſon, he was *worth*

one hundred and fifty thouſand, but has been ſince ſo far diminiſhed in his Reputation, as to be thought a *worſe Man* by *fifty or ſixty thouſand*.

Fr. Chartres, a Man infamous for all manner of Vice. When he was an Enſign in the Army, he was drumm'd out of the Regiment for a Cheat; he was next baniſhd Bruſſels, and drumm'd out of Ghent on the ſame account. After a hundred Tricks at the Gaming-Tables, he took to lending of money at exorbitant intereſt, and on great penalties, accumulating Premium, intereſt, and capital into a new Capital, and ſeizing to a minute when the payments became due; in a word, by a conſtant Attention to the Vices, Wants, and Follies of Mankind, he acquired an immenſe fortune. His Houſe was a perpetual Bawdy-houſe. He was twice condemn'd for Rapes, and pardoned, but the laſt time not without Impriſonment in Newgate, and large Confiſcations. He died in Scotland in 1731, aged 62. The Populace at his Funeral rais'd a great riot, almoſt tore the Body out of the Coffin, and caſt dead Dogs, *&c.* into the grave along with it. The following Epitaph contains his Character very juſtly drawn by Dr. Arbuthnot.

HERE continueth to rot
The Body of FRANCIS CHARTRES,
Who with an Inflexible Constancy, and
Inimitable Uniformity of Life,
Persisted,
In ſpite of Age and Infirmities,

In

In the Practice of Every Humane Vice;
Excepting Prodigality and Hypocrisy:
His inſatiable Avarice exempted him from the firſt,
His matchleſs Impudence from the ſecond.

Nor was he more ſingular in the un-deviating *Pravity*
of his *Manners*, than ſucceſsful in
Accumulating Wealth,
For, without Trade or Profession,
Without Trust of Publick Money,
And without Bribe-worthy Service,
He acquired, or more properly Created,
A Ministerial Estate.

He was the only Perſon of his Time,
Who cou'd Cheat without the Mask of Honesty,
Retain his Primæval Meanness when poſſeſs'd of
Ten Thousand a Year,
And having daily deſerv'd the Gibbet for what he *did*,
Was at laſt condemn'd to it for what he *could* not *do*.

Oh Indignant Reader!
Think not his Life Uſeleſs to Mankind!
Providence, conniv'd at his execrable Deſigns,
To give to After-Ages a conſpicuous
Proof, and Example,
Of how ſmall Eſtimation is Exorbitant Wealth
in the Sight of GOD, by his beſtowing it on
The moſt Unworthy of All Mortals,

This Gentleman was *worth ſeven thouſand pounds a year* Eſtate in Land, and about *one hundred thouſand* in Money.

Mr.

What Nature wants, commodious Gold beſtows,
'Tis thus we eat the bread another ſows:
But how unequal it beſtows, obſerve,
'Tis thus we riot, while who ſow it, ſtarve.
What Nature wants (a phraſe I much diſtruſt)
Extends to Luxury, extends to Luſt;
And if we count among the Needs of life
Another's Toil, why not another's Wife?
Uſeful, we grant, it ſerves what life requires,
But dreadful too, the dark Aſſaſſin hires:
Trade it may help, Society extend;
But lures the Pyrate, and corrupts the Friend:
It raiſes Armies in a Nation's aid,
But bribes a Senate, and the land's bretray'd.
Oh! that ſuch bulky *Bribes* as all might ſee
Still, as of old, encumber'd Villainy!
In vain may Heroes fight, and Patriots rave,
If ſecret Gold ſaps on from knave to knave.

Mr. WATERS, the third of theſe Worthies, was a man no way reſembling the former in his military, but extremely ſo in his civil Capacity; his great fortune having been rais'd by the like diligent Attendance on the Neceſſities of others. But this Gentleman's Hiſtory muſt be defered till his death, when his *Worth* may be known more certainly.

V. 21. What Nature wants, &c.] *The Point diſcuſs'd, whether the Invention of* Money *has been more commodious, or pernicious to mankind?*

Could

Could France or Rome divert our brave deſigns,
With all their brandies, or with all their wines?
What could they more than Knights and Squires con-
Or water all the Quorum ten miles round? [found.
A Stateſman's ſlumbers how this ſpeech would ſpoil?
"Sir, Spain has ſent a thouſand jars of oyl:
"Huge bales of Britiſh cloth blockade the door;
"A hundred Oxen at your Levee roar.
Poor Avarice one torment more would find,
Nor could Profuſion ſquander all, in kind.
Aſtride his cheeſe Sir Morgan might we meet,
And Worldly crying Coals from ſtreet to ſtreet,
(Whom with a Wig ſo wild, and mien ſo maz'd,
Pity miſtakes for ſome poor Tradeſman craz'd)
Had *Colepeper*'s whole wealth been hops and hogs,
Could he himſelf have ſent it to the dogs?

His

V. 50. Sume Miſers of great Wealth, Proprietors of the Coal-mines, had enter'd at this time into an Aſſociation to keep up Coals to an extravagant price, whereby the Poor were reduced almoſt to ſtarve, till one of them taking the Advantage of underſelling the reſt, defeated the deſign. One of theſe Miſers was *worth ten thouſand*, another *ſeven thouſand* a year.

V. 53. *Colepeper.*] Sir WILLIAM COLEPEPER, Bart. a Perſon of an ancient Family and ample Fortune without any other quality of a Gentleman, who after ruining himſelf at the Gaming-table, paſt the reſt of his days in ſitting there to ſee the ruin of others; preferring to ſubſiſt upon borrowing and begging, rather

His Grace will game: to White's a Bull be led,
With ſpurning heels, and with a butting head:
To White's be carry'd, as to ancient Games,
Fair Courſers, Vaſes, and alluring Dames.
Shall then Uxorio if the ſtakes he ſweep,
Bear home ſix whores, and make his Lady weep?
Or ſoft Adonis, ſo perfum'd and fine,
Drive to St. James's a whole herd of Swine?
Oh filthy check on all induſtrious skill,
To ſpoil the Nation's laſt great Trade, Quadrille!
Once, we confeſs, beneath the Patriot's cloak,
From the crack'd bagg the dropping Guinea *ſpoke*,
And gingling down the back-ſtairs, told the crew,
"Old Cato is as great a Rogue as you."
Bleſt *Paper-credit!* that advanc'd ſo high,
Now lends Corruption lighter wings to fly!

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rather than to enter into any reputable method of life, and refuſing a Poſt in the Army which was offer'd him.

V. 65.——*beneath the Patriot's Cloak.*] This is a true Story which happened in the reign of William III. to an unſuſpected old Patriot, who coming out at the back-door from having been cloſeted by the King, where he had received a large Bag of Guineas, the burſting of the bag diſcovered his buſineſs there.

Gold,

Gold, imp'd with this, can compaſs hardeſt things,
Can pocket States, or fetch or carry Kings;
A ſingle Leaf can waft an Army o'er,
Or ſhip off Senates to ſome diſtant ſhore;
A Leaf like Sybil's, ſcatters to and fro
Our fates and fortunes as the winds ſhall blow;
Pregnant with thouſands flits the ſcrap unſeen,
And ſilent ſells a King, or buys a Queen.
Well then, ſince with the World we ſtand or fall,
Come take it as we find it, Gold and all.
What Riches give us, let us firſt enquire;
Meat, fire, and cloaths. What more? meat, cloaths, and [fire.

V. 72.——*fetch or carry Kings.*] In our Author's time, many Princes had been ſent about the world, and great Changes of Kings projected in Europe. The Partition-Treaty had diſpos'd of Spain, France had ſet up a King for England, who was ſent to Scotland, and back again; King Staniſlaus was ſent to Poland, and back again; the Duke of *Anjou* was ſent to Spain, and Don Carlos to Italy.

V. 74. *Or ſhip off* Senates *to ſome diſtant ſhore.*] Alludes to ſeveral Miniſters, Counſellors, and Patriots baniſhed in our times to Siberia, and to that MORE GLORIOUS FATE of the PARLIAMENT of PARIS, baniſhed to Pontoiſe in the year 1720.

V. 75. *A Leaf like* Sybils.—Virg. Æn. 6.

V. 81. *What* Riches *give us*, &c.] *That* Riches, *either to the* Avaricious *or the* Prodigal, *cannot afford Neceſſaries, much leſs Happineſs.*

I

Is this too little? wou'd you more than live?
Alas! 'tis more than Turner finds they give.
Alas 'tis more than (all his Viſions paſt)
Unhappy Wharton, waking, found at laſt!
What can they give? to dying Hopkins Heirs?
To Chartres Vigour, Japhet Noſe and ears?

V. 84. Turner.] One, who being poſſeſſed of three hundred thouſand pounds, laid down his Coach, becauſe Intereſt was reduced from 5 to 4 *per cent.* and then put ſeventy thouſand into the Charitable Corporation for better intereſt: which Sum having loſt, he took it ſo much to heart, that he kept his chamber ever after. It is thought he would not have outliv'd it, but that he was Heir to another conſiderable Eſtate, which he daily expected, and that by this courſe of life he ſaved both Clothes and all other expences.

V. 86. Unhappy Wharton!] A Nobleman of great Qualities, but as unfortunate in the application of them, as if they had been Vices and Follies. See his Character in the firſt Epiſtle of the ſecond book.

V. 87. Hopkins.] A Citizen whoſe Rapacity obtain'd him the name of Vultur Hopkins. He lived worthleſs, but died *worth three hundred thouſand pounds:* which he would give to no perſon living, but left it ſo as not to be inherited till after the ſecond Generation. His Counſel repreſenting to him how many years it muſt be, before this could take effect, and that his Money could only lie at Intereſt all that time, he expreſt great

Can they in gems bid pallid Hippia glow,
In Fulvia's buckle eaſe the throbs below?
Or heal, old Narſes, thy obſcener ail,
With all th'embroid'ry plaiſter'd at thy tail?
They might, (were Harpax not too wiſe to ſpend)
Give Harpax ſelf the bleſſing of a Friend;
Or find ſome Doctor that would ſave the life
Of wretched Shylock, ſpite of Shylock's Wife:
But thouſands die, without or this or that,
Die, and endow a College, or a Cat:
To ſome indeed heav'n grants the happier fate
T'enrich a Baſtard, or a ſon they hate.

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great Joy thereat, and ſaid, "They would then be "as long in ſpending, as he had been in getting it." But the Chancery afterwards ſet aſide the Will, and gave it to the Heir at Law.

V. 88. Japhet, *Noſe and Ears.*] JAPHET CROOK, alias Sir Peter Stranger, was puniſhed with the loſs of thoſe parts, for having forged a *Conveyance* of an Eſtate to himſelf, upon which he took up ſeveral thouſand pounds. He was at the ſame time ſued in Chancery for having fraudulently obtain'd a *Will*, by which he poſſeſs'd another conſiderable Eſtate, in wrong of the Brother of the deceas'd. By theſe means he was *worth* a great Sum, which (in reward for the ſmall loſs of his Ears) he enjoy'd in Priſon till his death, and quietly left to his Executor.

V. 98. *Die, and endow a College, or a Cat.*] A famous Ducheſs of Richmond in her laſt Will left conſiderable legacies and annuities to her Cats.

Per-

Perhaps you think the Poor might have their part?
Bond damns the poor, and hates them from his heart:
The grave Sir Gilbert holds it for a rule,
That "every man in want is knave or fool:
"God cannot love (ſays Blunt, with lifted eyes)
"The wretch he ſtarves"——and piouſly denies:
But rev'rend S—on with a ſofter air,
Admits, and leaves them, Providence's care.
Yet, to be juſt to theſe poor men of pelf,
Each does but hate his Neighbour as himſelf:

V. 102. Bond *damns the Poor*—
But Rev'rend Sutton *with a ſofter air*
Admits, and leaves them Providence's care.

In the year 1730, a Corporation was eſtabliſhed to lend money to the Poor upon Pledges, by the name of the *Charitable Corporation*. It was under the direction of the Right Honourable Sir R. S. Sir Arch. Grant, Mr. Denis Bond, Mr. Burroughs, &c. But the whole was turned only to an iniquitous method of enriching particular people, to the ruin of ſuch numbers, that it became a Parliamentary concern to endeavour the relief of thoſe unhappy Sufferers, and three of the Managers, who were Members of the Houſe, were expelled. That "*God hates the Poor*, and *That every* "*Man in want is Knave or Fool*, &c." were the genuine Apothegmes of ſome of the perſons here mentioned.

V. 110. *Each does but hate*, &c.] *That* Avarice *is an abſolute Frenzy without an* End *or* Purpoſe. *Conjectures about the* Motives of *avaricious Men.*

Damn'd

Damn'd to the Mines, an equal fate betides,
The Slave that digs it, and the Slave that hides.
Who ſuffer thus, meer Charity ſhould own
Muſt act on Motives pow'rful tho' unknown:
Some War, ſome Plague, ſome Famine they foreſee,
Some Revelation, hid from you and me.
Why Shylock wants a meal, the cauſe is found,
He thinks a Loaf will riſe to fifty pound.
What made *Directors* cheat in South-ſea year?
To live on Ven'ſon when it ſold ſo dear.
Ask you why Phryne the whole Auction buys?
Phryne foreſees a *General Exciſe*.
Why ſhe and Sapho raiſe that monſtrous ſum?
Alas! they fear a Man will coſt a plum.
Wiſe Peter ſees the World's reſpect for Gold,
And therefore hopes this Nation may be ſold:

Glo-

V. 120. *To live on Venſon.*] In the extravagance and luxury of the South-ſea year, the price of a haunch of Veniſon, was from three to five pounds.

V. 122.— *A General Exciſe.*] Many People about the year 1733, had a conceit that ſuch a thing was intended, of which it is not improbable this Lady might have ſome Intimation.

V. 125. *Wiſe Peter.*] PETER WALTER, a Perſon not only eminent in the Wiſdom of his Profeſſion, as a dextrous Attorney, but allow'd to be a good, if not a ſafe, Conveyancer; extremely reſpected by the Nobility of this Land, tho' free from all manner of Luxury and Oſtentation: His Wealth was never ſeen,

Glorious Ambition! *Peter*, ſwell thy ſtore,
And be what Rome's great Didius was before.
The Crown of Poland, venal twice an age,
To juſt three millions ſtinted modeſt *Gage*.
But nobler ſcenes *Maria*'s dreams unfold,
Hereditary Realms, and worlds of Gold,
Congenial ſouls! whoſe life one Av'rice joins,
And one fate buries in th'Aſturian Mines.
Much injur'd *Blunt!* why bears he Britain's hate?
A Wizard told him in theſe words our fate.
" At

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and his Bounty never heard of; except to his own ſon, for whom he procur'd an Employment of conſiderable profit, of which he gave him as much as was *neceſſary*. Therefore the taxing this Gentleman with any *Ambition*, is certainly a great wrong to him.

V. 128. *Rome's* great *Didius*.] A Roman Lawyer, ſo rich as to purchaſe the Empire when it was ſet to ſale upon the death of Pertinax.

V. 129. *The Crown of Poland*, &c.] The two Perſons here mentioned were of Quality, each of whom in the time of the Miſſiſipi deſpis'd to realize above *three hundred thouſand pounds:* The Gentleman with a view to the Purchaſe of the Crown of Poland, the Lady on a Viſion of the like Royal nature. They ſince retired into Spain, where they are ſtill in ſearch of Gold in the Mines of the Auſturies.

V. 135. *Much injur'd Blunt.*] Sir JOHN BLUNT, originally a Scrivener, was one of the firſt Projectors of the South-ſea Company, and afterwards one of the Directors

" At length *Corruption*, like a gen'ral flood,
" (So long by watchful Miniſters withſtood)
" Shall deluge all; and *Av'rice* creeping on,
" Spread like a low-born miſt, and blot the *Sun*.
" Stateſman and Patriot ply alike the ſtocks,
" Peereſs and Butler ſhare alike the Box,
" The Judge ſhall job, the Biſhop bite the town,
" And mighty Dukes pack cards for half a crown.
" See Britain ſunk in Lucre's ſordid charms,
"And France reveng'd of ANNE's and EDWARD's Arms!"
No mean Court-badge, great Scriv'ner! fir'd thy brain,
No Lordly Luxury, nor City Gain:
No, 'twas thy righteous end, (aſham'd to ſee
Senates degen'rate, Patriots diſagree,
And nobly wiſhing *Party-rage* to ceaſe)
To *buy both ſides*, and give thy Country peace.
" All this is madneſs," cries a ſober Sage:
But who, my friend, has reaſon in his Rage?

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ctors and chief Managers of the famous Scheme in 1720. He was alſo one of thoſe who ſuffer'd moſt ſeverely by the Bill of Pains and Penalties on the ſaid Directors. He was a Diſſenter of a moſt religious deportment, and profeſs'd to be a great Believer. Whether he did really credit the *Prophecy* here mentioned is not certain, but it was conſtantly in this very ſtyle he declaimed againſt the *Corruption* and *Luxury* of the Age, the Partiality of *Parliaments*, and the Miſery of *Party Spirit*. He was particularly eloquent againſt *Avarice* in *Great* and *Noble Perſons*, of which he had indeed liv'd to ſee many miſerable Examples. He died in the year 1732.

" The ruling Paſſion, be it what it will,
" The ruling Paſſion conquers Reaſon ſtill.
Leſs mad the wildeſt whimſey we can frame,
Than ev'n that paſſion, if it has no Aim;
For tho' ſuch Motives folly you may call,
The folly's greater to have none at all.
Hear then the truth: "'Tis Heav'n each Paſſion ſends,
" And diff'rent men directs to diff'rent ends.
" Extremes in Nature equal good produce,
" Extremes in Man concur to general uſe.
Ask we what makes one keep, and one beſtow?
That Pow'r who bids the Ocean ebb and flow;
Bids ſeed-time, harveſt, equal courſe maintain,
Thro' reconcil'd extremes of drought and rain;
Builds Life on Death, on Change Duration founds,
And gives th' eternal wheels to know their rounds.
Riches, like Inſects, when conceal'd they lie,
Wait but for wings, and in their ſeaſon, fly.
Who ſees pale Mammon pine amidſt his ſtore,
Sees but a backward Steward for the Poor;
This year a Reſervoir, to keep and ſpare,
The next, a Fountain ſpouting thro' his Heir,
In laviſh ſtreams to quench a Country's thirſt,
And men and dogs ſhall drink him, 'till they burſt.

V. 161, &c. *That the Conduct of Men with reſpect to Riches, can only be accounted for by the Order of* PROVIDENCE, *which works the* General Good *out of* Extremes, *and brings all to its* Great End *by perpetual Revolutions.* See Eſſay on Man, Epiſt. 2, v. 155, &c. 197, &c.

Old

Old Cotta ſham'd his Fortune and his Birth,
Yet was not Cotta void of wit or worth:
What tho' (the uſe of barb'rous ſpits forgot)
His kitchen vy'd in coolneſs with his Grot?
His court with nettles, moat with creſſes ſtor'd,
With ſoups unbought, and ſallads, bleſt his board.
If Cotta liv'd on pulſe, it was no more
Than *Bramins*, *Saints*, and *Sages* did before;
To cram the rich, was prodigal expence,
And who would take the poor from Providence?
Like ſome lone *Chartreuſe* ſtands the good old hall,
Silence without, and faſts within the wall;
No rafter'd roofs with dance and tabor ſound,
No noontide-bell invites the country round;
Tenants with ſighs the ſmokleſs tow'rs ſurvey,
And turn th' unwilling Steed another way:
Benighted wanderers, the foreſt o'er,
Curſe the ſav'd candle, and unopening door;
While the gaunt maſtiff, growling at the gate,
Affrights the beggar whom he longs to eat.
Not ſo his Son, he mark'd this overſight,
And then miſtook reverſe of wrong for right:
For what to ſhun will no great knowledge need,
But what to follow, is a task indeed.

V. 180, &c. *How a* Miſer *acts upon Principles which appear to him reaſonable.*

V. 199. *How a* Prodigal *does the ſame.*

V. 184. *With ſoups unbought.*]——dapibus menſas onerabat inemptis. VIRG.

Whole ſlaughter'd hecatombs, and floods of wine,
Fill the capacious Squire, and deep Divine.
Yet no mean motive this profuſion draws,
His Oxen periſh in his Country's cauſe:
'Tis GEORGE and LIBERTY that crowns the cup,
And Zeal for that great Houſe which eats him up.
The woods recede around the naked ſeat,
The Sylvans groan—no matter—for the Fleet,
Next goes his wool, to clothe our valiant bands,
Laſt, for his Country's love, he ſells his Lands.
To Court he comes, compleats the nation's hope,
And heads the bold Train-bands, and burns a Pope.
And ſhall not Britain now reward his toils,
Britain, that pays her Patriots with her Spoils?
In vain at Court the Bankrupt pleads his cauſe,
His thankleſs country leaves him to her Laws.

The Senſe to value Riches, with the Art
T'enjoy them, and the Virtue to impart,
Not meanly, nor ambitiouſly perſu'd,
Not ſunk by ſloth, nor rais'd by ſervitude;
To balance Fortune by a juſt expence,
Join with Oeconomy, Magnificence,
With ſplendor, Charity, with plenty, Health;
Oh teach us, BATHURST! yet unſpoil'd by wealth!
That ſecret rare, between th' extremes to move
Of mad Good-nature, and of mean Self-love.

To Want, or Worth, well-weigh'd, be bounty giv'n,
And eaſe, or emulate, the care of Heav'n.

V. 219. The *due Medium* and *true Uſe of Riches.*

Whoſe

Whoſe meaſure full o'erflows on human race,
Mends Fortune's fault, and juſtifies her grace.
Wealth in the groſs is death, but life diffus'd,
As Poiſon heals, in juſt proportion us'd:
In heaps, like Ambergriſe, a ſtink it lies,
But well diſpers'd, is Incence to the Skies.

Who ſtarves by Nobles, or with Nobles eats?
The Wretch that truſts them, and the Rogue that cheats.
Is there a Lord, who knows a chearful noon
Without a Fidler, Flatt'rer, or Buffoon?
Whoſe table, Wit or modeſt Merit ſhare,
Un-elbow'd by a *Gameſter*, *Pimp*, or *Play'r*?
Who copies Yours, or OXFORD's better part,
To eaſe th' oppreſs'd, and raiſe the ſinking heart?
Where-e'er he ſhines, oh Fortune gild the ſcene,
And Angels guard him in the Golden Mean!
There, Engliſh *Bounty* yet a while may ſtand,
And *Honour* linger, e're it leaves the land.

But all our praiſes why ſhould Lords engroſs?
Riſe honeſt Muſe! and ſing the MAN of Ross:
Pleas'd

V. 243. OXFORD's *better part.*] Edward Harley Earl of Oxford, the Son of Robert, created Earl of Oxford and Earl Mortimer by Queen Anne.

V 250, *&c. The* MAN *of* Ross.] The Perſon here celebrated, who with a ſmall Eſtate actually performed all theſe good works, and whoſe true Name was almoſt loſt (partly by the Title of the *Man of Roſs* given him by way of eminence, and partly by being buried without ſo much as an Inſcription) was called

Pleas'd Vaga ecchoes thro' her winding bounds,
And rapid *Severn* hoarſe applauſe reſounds.
Who hung with woods yon mountain's ſultry brow?
From the dry rock who bade the waters flow?
Not to the Skies in uſeleſs columns toſt,
Or in proud falls magnificently loſt,
But clear and artleſs, pouring thro' the plain
Health to the ſick, and ſolace to the ſwain.
Whoſe Cauſe-way parts the vale with ſhady rows?
Whoſe Seats the weary Traveller repoſe?
Who taught that heav'n-directed Spire to riſe?
The MAN of ROSS, each liſping babe replies.
Behold the Market-place with poor o'erſpread!
The MAN of ROSS divides the weekly bread:
Behold yon Alms-houſe, neat, but void of ſtate,
Where Age and Want ſit ſmiling at the gate:
Him portion'd maids, apprentic'd orphans bleſt,
The young who labour, and the old who reſt.
Is any ſick? the MAN of Ross relieves,
Preſcribes, attends, the med'cine makes, and gives.
Is there a variance? enter but his door,
Balk'd are the Courts, and conteſt is no more.
Deſpairing *Quacks* with curſes fled the place,
And vile *Attornies*, now an uſeleſs race.
" Thrice happy man! enabled to perſue
" What all ſo wiſh, but want the pow'r to do.

Mr. John Kyrle. He died in the year 1724, aged 90, and lies interr'd in the Chancel of the Church of Roſs in Herefordſhire.

" Oh

" Oh ſay, what ſums that gen'rous hand ſupply?
" What mines, to ſwell that boundleſs charity?
Of Debts and taxes, Wife and children clear,
This man poſſeſt—five hundred pounds a year.
Bluſh Grandeur, bluſh! proud Courts withdraw your blaze!
Ye *little Stars!* hide your diminiſhed rays.
" And what? no monument, inſcription, ſtone?
" His race, his form, his name almoſt unknown?
Who builds a Church to God, and not to Fame,
Will never mark the marble with his Name:
Go ſearch it there *, where to be born and die,
Of rich and poor makes all the hiſtory;
Enough, that Virtue fill'd the ſpace between;
Prov'd, by the Ends of Being, to have been.
When Hopkins dies, a thouſand lights attend
The wretch, who living ſav'd a candle's end;
Should'ring God's altar a vile Image ſtands,
Belies his features, nay extends his hands:
That live-long Wig which Gorgon's ſelf might own,
Eternal buckle takes in Parian ſtone.
Behold what bleſſings Wealth to life can lend,
And ſee, what comfort it affords our End!
In the worſt Inn's worſt room, with mat half-hung,
The floors of plaiſter, and the walls of dung.

* The Pariſh Regiſter.

V. 296. *Eternal buckle takes in Parian ſtone.*] Ridicules the wretched taſte of carving large perriwigs on Buſto's, of which there are ſeveral vile examples among the Tombs at Weſtminſter and elſewhere.

V. 299, *&c. The Fate of the* Profuſe *and the* Covetous, *in two* Examples: *both miſerable in* Life *and in* Death.

On once a flockbed, but repair'd with ſtraw,
With tape-ty'd curtains never meant to draw,
The George and Garter dangling from that bed
Where tawdry yellow ſtrove with dirty red,
Great *Villers* lies—Alas! how chang'd from him,
That life of pleaſure, and that ſoul of whim!
Gallant and gay, in Cliveden's proud alcove,
The bow'r of wanton *Shrewsbury* and Love;
Or juſt as gay, at Council, in a ring
Of mimick Stateſmen, and their merry King.
No Wit to flatter, left of all his ſtore;
No Fool to laugh at, which he valued more.
There, Victor of his health, of fortune, friends,
And fame, this Lord of uſeleſs thouſands ends.
His Grace's fate ſage Cutler could foreſee,
And well (he thought) advis'd him, "Live like me."
As well his Grace reply'd, "Like you, Sir *John*?
"That I can do, when all I have is gone."
Reſolve me, Reaſon, which of theſe is worſe,
Want with a full, or with an empty purſe?
Thy life more wretched, Cutler, was confeſs'd,
Ariſe and tell me, was thy death more bleſs'd?
Cutler ſaw tenants break, and houſes fall,
For very want; he could not build a wall.
His only daughter in a ſtranger's pow'r,
For very want; he could not pay a dow'r.

V. 305. George Villers, Duke of Buckingham, who died in this manner.

A few

A few grey hairs his rev'rend temples crown'd,
'Twas very want that ſold them for two pound.
What ev'n deny'd a cordial at his end,
Baniſh'd the Doctor, and expell'd the friend?
What but a want, which you perhaps think mad
Yet numbers feel, the want of what he had.
Cutler and Brutus, dying both exclain,
" Virtue! and Wealth! what are ye but a Name?
Say, for ſuch worth are other worlds prepar'd?
Or are they both, in this, their own reward?
That knotty point, my Lord, ſhall I diſcuſs,
Or tell a Tale?——A Tale——it follows thus.
Where London's Column pointing at the skies,
Like a tall bully, lifts the head and lyes;
There dwelt a Citizen of ſober fame,
A plain good man, and Balaam was his name.
Religious, punctual, frugal, and ſo forth;
His word would paſs for more than he was worth.
One ſolid diſh his week-day meal affords,
An added pudding ſolemniz'd the Lord's.
Conſtant at Church, and Change; his gains were ſure,
His givings rare, ſave farthings to the poor.
The *Dev'l* was piqu'd, ſuch ſaintſhip to behold,
And long'd to tempt him, like good Job of old:
But Satan now is wiſer than of yore,
And tempts by making rich, not making poor.

V. 339. *Where London's Column.*] The Monument built in memory of the Fire of London, with an Inſcription importing that City to have been burnt by the Papiſts.

Rouz'd

Rouz'd by the Prince of Air, the whirlwinds ſweep
The ſurge, and plunge his Father in the deep;
Then full againſt his Corniſh lands they roar,
And two rich ſhip-wrecks bleſs the lucky ſhore.
Sir *Balaam* now, he lives like other folks,
He takes his chirping pint, he cracks his jokes:
"Live like your ſelf," was ſoon my Lady's word;
And lo! two puddings ſmoak'd upon the board.
Aſleep and naked as an Indian lay,
An honeſt Factor ſtole a Gem away:
He pledg'd it to the Knight; the knight had wit,
So kept the *Diamond*, and the rogue was bit.
Some ſcruple roſe, but thus he eas'd his thought,
"I'll now give ſix-pence where I gave a groat,
"Where once I went to church, I'll now go twice—
"And am ſo clear too of all other vice."
The Tempter ſaw his time: the work he ply'd;
Stocks and Subſcriptions pour on ev'ry ſide;
Till all the Dæmon makes his full deſcent,
In one abundant ſhow'r of *Cent. per Cent*,
Sinks deep within him, and poſſeſſes whole,
Then dubs *Director*, and ſecures his ſoul.
Behold Sir Balaam, now a man of ſpirit,
Aſcribes his gettings to his parts and merit.
What late he call'd a *Bleſſing*, now was *Wit*,
And *God*'s good *Providence*, a lucky *Hit*.
Things change their titles, as our manners turn.
His Compting-houſe employ'd the ſunday-morn;
Seldom at Church, ('twas ſuch a buſy life)
But duly ſent his Family and Wife.

There

There (ſo the Dev'l ordain'd) one Chriſtmas-tide
My good old Lady catch'd a cold, and dy'd.
A *Nymph* of *Quality* admires our Knight;
He marries, bows at Court, and grows polite:
Leaves the dull Cits, and joins (to pleaſe the fair)
The well-bred cuckolds in St. James's Air:
Firſt, for his Son a gay *Commiſſion* buys,
Who drinks, whores, fights, and in a duel dies.
His Daughter flaunts a *Viſcount*'s tawdry wife;
She bears a Coronet and p—x for life.
In Britain's *Senate* he a ſeat obtains,
And one more Penſioner St. Stephen gains.
My Lady falls to *Play:* ſo bad her chance,
He muſt repair it; takes a bribe from France;
The Houſe impeach him; Coningsby harangues;
The Court forſake him, and Sir Balaam hangs:
Wife, ſon, and daughter, Satan are thy own;
His wealth, yet dearer, forfeit to the Crown:
The Devil and the King divide the prize,
And ſad Sir Balaam curſes God and dies.

V. 358. *And one more Penſioner St. Stephen gains*]—
—atque unum civem donare *Sybillæ*. Juv.

EPISTLE

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V. 358. *And one more Penſioner St. Stephen gains*]—
—atque unum civem donare *Sybillæ*. Juv.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE IV.

TO

RICHARD *Earl of* BURLINGTON.*

'TIS ſtrange, the Miſer ſhould his Cares employ,
To gain thoſe Riches he can ne'er enjoy.
Is it leſs ſtrange, the Prodigal ſhould waſte
His wealth, to purchaſe what he ne'er can taſte?
Not for himſelf he ſees, or hears, or eats,
Artiſts muſt chuſe his Pictures, Muſic, Meats:
He buys for Topham, Drawings and Deſigns,
For Fountain Statues, and for Pembroke Coins,
Rare monkiſh Manuſcripts for Hearne alone,
And Books for Mead, and Rarities for Sloane.

---

* Printed firſt in 1731.

This Epiſtle is a Corollary to the preceding: *As that treated of the Extremes of* Avarice *and* Profuſion, *this takes up one branch of the latter*, the Vanity of Expence *in people of Quality or Fortune.*

V. 7. Topham.] A Gentleman famous for a judicious collection of Drawings.

V. 10. *And Books for Mead, and Rarities for Sloane.*] Two eminent Phyſicians; the one had an excellent Library, the other the fineſt Collection in Europe of natural Curioſities; both men of great learning and humanity.

Think

Think we all theſe are for himſelf? no more
Than his fine Wife, alas? or finer Whore.
For what has *Virro* painted, built, and planted?
Only to ſhow, how many Taſtes he wanted.
What brought Sir *Viſto*'s ill-got wealth to waſte?
Some Dæmon whiſper'd, "*Viſto!* have a Taſte."
Heav'n viſits with a Taſte the wealthy fool,
And needs no Rod but *Ripley* with a Rule.
See! ſportive fate, to puniſh aukward pride,
Bids *Bubo* build, and ſends him ſuch a Guide:
A ſtanding ſermon, at each year's expence,
That never Coxcomb reach'd Magnificence!
You ſhow us, Rome was glorious, not profuſe,
And pompous buildings once were things of Uſe.
Yet ſhall (my Lord) your juſt, your noble rules
Fill half the land with Imitating Fools;
Who random drawings from your ſheets ſhall take,
And of one beauty many blunders make;
Load ſome vain Church with old Theatric ſtate,
Turn Arcs of triumph to a Garden-gate;
Reverſe your Ornaments, and hang them all
On ſome patch'd dog-hole ek'd with ends of wall,
Then clap four ſlices of Pilaſter on't,
That, lac'd with bits of ruſtic, makes a Front:

V. 15. The Abuſe of the Word *Taſte*.

V. 23. The Earl of *Burlington* was then publiſhing the Deſigns of *Inigo Jones*, and the Antiquities of Rome by *Palladio*.

Or

Or call the winds thro' long Arcades to roar,
Proud to catch cold at a *Venetian* door;
Conſcious they act a true *Palladian* part,
And if they ſtarve, they ſtarve by rules of art,
Oft have you hinted to your brother Peer,
A certain truth, which many buy too dear:
Something there is, more needful than Expence,
And ſomething previous ev'n to Taſte—'Tis *Senſe:*
Good Senſe, which only is the gift of heav'n,
And tho' no Science, fairly worth the ſeven:
A Light which in yourſelf you muſt perceive;
Jones and *Le Nôtre* have it not to give.
To build, to plant, whatever you intend,
To rear the Column, or the Arch to bend,
To ſwell the Terras, or to ſink the Grot;
In all, let *Nature* never be forgot.
But treat the Goddeſs like a modeſt fair,
Nor over-dreſs, nor leave her wholly bare;
Let not each beauty ev'ry where be ſpy'd,
Where half the skill is decently to hide;

N. 36. A Door or Window, ſo called, from being much practiſed at Venice, by Palladio and others.

V. 39, *&c. That the firſt Principle and foundation of all Taſte*, is Good Senſe.

V. 46. *Inigo Jones*, the celebrated Architect, and M. *Le Nôtre*, the Deſigner of the beſt Gardens of France.

V. 47, *&c. The chief proof of good Senſe in this, as in every thing elſe, is to* follow Nature, *but with Judgment, and Choice.*

He

He gains all points, who pleaſingly confounds,
Surprizes, varies, and conceals the Bounds.
Conſult the *Genius* of the place in all;
That tells the Waters or to riſe, or fall,
Or helps th'ambitious Hill the heav'n to ſcale,
Or ſcoops in circling Theatres the Vale,
Calls in the Country, catches opening glades,
Joins willing woods, and varies ſhades from ſhades,
Now breaks, or now directs, th'intending Lines,
Paints as you plant, and as you work, deſigns.
Begin with *Senſe*, of ev'ry Art the ſoul,
Parts anſw'ring parts ſhall ſlide into a whole,
Spontaneous beauties all around advance,
Start ev'n from Difficulty, ſtrike from Chance;
Nature ſhall join you, Time ſhall make it grow
A Work to wonder at —— perhaps a STOW.
Without it, proud Verſailles! thy glory falls,
And Nero's Terraces deſert their walls:
The vaſt Parterres a thouſand hands ſhall make,
Lo! COBHAM comes, and floats them with a Lake:

V. 57, &c. *The firſt Rule, to adapt all to the* Nature *and* Uſe *of the* Place, *and the Beauties not forced into it, but reſulting from it.*

V. 70. The Seat and Gardens of the Lord Viſcount *Cobham* in Bukinghamſhire.

V. 71, &c. *For want of this* Senſe, *and thro' neglect of this* Rule, *men are diſappointed in the moſt expenſive Undertakings. Nothing without this will ever pleaſe* long, *if it pleaſes* at all.

Or cut wide views thro' Mountains to the Plain,
You'll wiſh your hill, or ſhelter'd ſeat again.
Behold Villario's ten-years toil compleat,
His Arbours darken, his Eſpaliers meet,
The Wood ſupports the Plain, the parts unite,
And ſtrength of ſhade contends with ſtrength of light;
A waving Glow his bloomy beds diſplay,
Bluſhing in bright diverſities of day,
With ſilver-quiv'ring rills mæander'd o'er ——
Enjoy them, you! Villario can no more;
Tir'd of the ſcene Parterres and fountains yield,
He finds at laſt he better likes a Field.
Thro' his young woods how pleas'd Sabinus ſtray'd,
Or ſate delighted in the thick'ning ſhade,
With annual joy the red'ning ſhoots to greet,
Or ſee the ſtretching branches long to meet.
His Son's fine Taſte an op'ner viſta loves,
Foe to the *Dryads* of his Father's groves,

V. 75. *Or cut wide views thro' Mountains.*] This was done in Hertfordſhire by a wealthy Citizen, at the expence of above 5000 l. by which means (meerly to overlook a dead plain) he let in the Northwind upon his houſe and parterre, which were before adorned and defended by beautiful woods.

One

One boundleſs Green, or flouriſh'd Carpet views,
With all the mournful family of Yews.
The thriving plants ignoble broomſticks made,
Now ſweep thoſe Alleys they were born to ſhade.
At *Timon's* Villa let us paſs a day,
Where all cry out, "what ſums are thrown away!
So proud, ſo grand, of that ſtupendous air,
Soft and *Agreeable* come never there.

V. 93. *The two Extremes in* Parterre, *which are equally faulty, a* boundleſs Green, *large and naked as a field, or a* flouriſh'd Carpet, *where the greatneſs and nobleneſs of the piece is leſſened by being divided into too many parts, with ſcroll'd works and beds, of which the examples are frequent.*

V. 94. — mournful Family of Yews.] *touches upon the ill taſte of thoſe who are ſo fond of* Evergreens *(particularly Yews which are the moſt tonſile) as to deſtroy the nobler Foreſt-trees, to make way for ſuch little Ornaments, as Pyramids of dark green continually repeated, not unlike a Funeral proceſſion.*

V. 97. At *Timon's* Villa.] *This Deſcription is intended to comprize the* Principles *of a* falſe Taſte *of Magnificence, and to exemplify what was ſaid before, that nothing but good Senſe can attain it.*

V. 100, &c. *The firſt wrong Principle, is to imagine true Greatneſs conſiſts in* ſize *and* dimenſion: *whereas, let the work be ever ſo vaſt, unleſs the parts cohere in one harmony, it will be but a great many Littlenneſſes put together.*

Greatneſs, with *Timon*, dwells in ſuch a draught
As brings all Brobdignag before your thought.
To compaſs this, his building is a Town,
His pond an Ocean, his parterre a Down:
Who but muſt laugh, the Maſter when he ſees?
A puny inſect, ſhiv'ring at a breeze.
Lo! what huge heaps of littleneſs around!
The whole, a labour'd Quarry above ground.
Two Cupids ſquirt before: a Lake behind
Improves the keenneſs of the Northern wind.
His Gardens next your admiration call,
On ev'ry ſide you look, behold the Wall!
No pleaſing Intricacies intervene,
No artful wildneſs to perplex the ſcene;
Grove nods at grove, each alley has a brother,
And half the platform juſt reflects the other.
The ſuff'ring eye inverted Nature ſees,
Trees cut to Statues, Statues thick as trees,

V. 109. *The ſecond Error*, Diſproportion, *ſmall things joined to large ones.*

V. 112. *The* Ends *and* Bounds *being ſeen at once, which however large, will diminiſh both of the* Grandeur *and the* Surprize.

V. 115. *Too exact* Reſemblance *of Part to Part, and* Repetition *of the ſame Objects.*

V. 117. Figures *unnatural, ſtiff and formal, or ſuch as* cannot be made perfect.

With

With here a Fountain, never to be play'd,
And there a Summer-houſe, that knows no ſhade.
Here Amphitrite ſails thro' myrtle bow'rs,
There Gladiators fight or die in flow'rs,
Unwater'd ſee the drooping ſea-horſe mourn,
And ſwallows rooſt in Nilus' duſty Urn.
My Lord advances with majeſtic mien,
Smit with the mighty pleaſure, to be ſeen:
But ſoft—— by regular approach—— not yet——
Firſt thro' the length of yon hot Terrace ſweat,
And when up ten ſteep ſlopes you've dragg'd your thighs,
Juſt at his Study-door he'll bleſs your eyes.
His *Study?* with what Authors is it ſtor'd?
In Books, not Authors, curious is my Lord;

To

V. 119, *&c.* Ornaments *of building or ſculpture, either too* much multiplied, *or* ill-placed, *or where Nature does not favour 'em.* [All theſe Examples are taken from ſome known Gardens.]

V. 122. The two Statues, of the *Gladiator pugnans*, and *Gladiator moriens.*

V. 128. *The* Approaches *and* Communications *of Houſe with Garden, or of one part with another, ill judged and inconvenient.*

V. 131. *His Study? &c.*] *The* falſe Taſte *in* Books, *a Satire on the vanity in collecting them, more frequent in men of fortune, than the ſtudy to underſtand them. Many delight chiefly in the elegance of the print, or of the binding; ſome have carry'd it ſo far, as to cauſe the upper ſhelves to be filled with painted books of wood:*

To all their *dated Backs* he turns you round,
Theſe *Aldus* printed, thoſe *Du Suëil* has bound.
Lo ſome are *Vellom*, and the reſt as good
For all his Lordſhip knows, but they are Wood.
For *Lock* or *Milton* 'tis in vain to look,
Theſe ſhelves admit not any modern book.

And now the Chappel's ſilver bell you hear,
That ſummons you to all the Pride of Pray'r:
Light quirks of Muſick, broken and uneven,
Make the ſoul dance upon a Jig to heaven.
On painted Cielings you devoutly ſtare,
Where ſprawl the Saints of *Verrio*, or *Laguerre*,
On gilded clouds in fair expanſion lie,
And bring all Paradiſe before your eye.

---

others pique themſelves ſo much upon books in a language they do not underſtand, as to exclude the moſt uſeful in one they do.

V. 140. *The* falſe Taſte *in* Muſic, *improper to the ſubjects, as of light Airs in Churches, often practiced by the Organiſts, &c.*

V. 143.—*And in* Painting *(from which even* Italy *is not free) of naked Figures in churches, &c. which has obliged ſome Popes to put Draperies on ſome of thoſe of the the beſt Maſters.*

V. 144. Verrio (Antonio) painted many Cielings &c. at Windſor, Hampton Court, &c. and Laguerre at Blenheim-Caſtle, and other places.

To

To reſt, the Cuſhion and ſoft *Dean* invite,
Who never mentions Hell to ears polite.
But hark! the chiming Clocks to dinner call;
A hundred footſteps ſcrape the marble Hall:
The rich Buffet well-colour'd *Serpents* grace,
And gaping *Tritons* ſpew to waſh your face.
Is this a dinner? this a Genial room?
No, 'tis a Temple, and a Hecatomb,
A ſolemn Sacrifice, perform'd in ſtate,
You drink by meaſure, and to minutes eat.
So quick retires each flying courſe, you'd ſwear
Sancho's dread Doctor and his Wand were there.
Between each Act the trembling ſalvers ring,
From ſoup to ſweetwine, and *God bleſs the King*.

V. 147. This is a fact, a reverend Dean preaching at Court, threatned the Sinner with puniſhment in "a place which he thought it not decent to name "before ſo polite an aſſembly."

V. 151. *Taxes the Incongruity of* Ornaments *(tho' ſometimes practiſed by the Ancients) where a diſtortea Mouth ejects the water into a Fountain, or where the ſhocking Images of Serpents, &c. are introduced in* Grottos, *or* Buffets.

V. 153. *Is this a Dinner?* &c.] The proud Feſtivals of ſome Men are here ſet forth to ridicule, where the Pride deſtroys the Eaſe, and the formal Regularity all the pleaſurable enjoyment of the entertainment.

V. 158. Sancho's *dread Doctor.*] See Don Quixote, Vol. 4. Chap. 6.

In plenty ſtarving, tantaliz'd in ſtate,
And compl'aiſantly help'd to all I hate,
Treated, careſs'd, and tir'd, I take my leave,
Sick of his civil Pride from Morn to Eve;
I curſe ſuch laviſh coſt, and little skill,
And ſwear no Day was ever paſt ſo ill.

Yet hence the *Poor* are cloath'd, the *Hungry* fed;
Health to himſelf, and to his Infants bread
The Lab'rer bears: What his hard Heart denies,
His charitable Vanity ſupplies.
Another age ſhall ſee the golden Ear
Imbrown the Slope, and nod on the Parterre,
Deep harveſts bury all his pride has plann'd,
And laughing Ceres re-aſſume the land.

Who then ſhall grace, or who improve the Soil? 175
Who plants like BATHURST, or who builds like BOYLE.
'Tis *Uſe* alone that ſanctifies Expence,
And Splendor borrows all her rays from *Senſe*.

His Father's Acres who enjoys in peace,
Or makes his Neighbours glad, if he encreaſe; 180
Whoſe chearful Tenants bleſs their yearly toil,
Yet to their Lord owe more than to the ſoil;

V. 167. &c. *The* Moral *of the whole, where Providence is juſtified in giving Wealth to thoſe who ſquander it in this manner. A bad Taſte employs more hands, and diffuſes Expence more than a good one. This recurs to what is laid down in the Epiſtle preceding this*, v. 161, &c. See alſo Eſſay on Man, Epiſt. 2. ver. 230, &c.

Whoſe

Whoſe ample Lawns are not aſham'd to feed
The milky heifer and deſerving ſteed;
Whoſe riſing Foreſts, not for pride or ſhow,
But future Buildings, future Navies grow;
Let *His* plantations ſtretch from down to down,
Firſt ſhade a Country, and then raiſe a Town.

You too proceed! make falling Arts your care,
Erect new wonders, and the old repair,
Jones and *Palladio* to themſelves reſtore,
And be whate'er *Vitruvius* was before:
Till Kings call forth th' Idea's of your mind,
Proud to accompliſh what ſuch hands deſign'd,
Bid Harbors open, public Ways extend,
Bid Temples, worthier of the God, aſcend,

Bid

V. 193, 195, *&c. Till Kings.—Bid Harbors open*, &c.] The Poet after having touched upon the proper objects of Magnificence and Expence in the private works of Great Men, comes to thoſe great and publick Works which become a Prince. This Poem was publiſhed at the time when ſome of the new Churches built by the Act of Q. Anne, were ready to fall, being founded on boggy land, and others vilely executed thro' fraudulent cabals between Undertakers, Officers, *&c.* when Dagenham-Breach had done very great miſchiefs; when the Propoſal of building a Bridge at Weſtminſter had been petitioned againſt, and rejected; when many of the High-ways throughout England were hardly paſſable, and moſt of thoſe which were repaired by Turnpikes made Jobbs for private Lucre, and infamouſly executed, even to the Entrances of London itſelf. At this time there had been an interrupted Peace in Europe for above twenty years.

Bid the broad *Arch* the dang'rous Flood contain,
The *Mole* projected break the roaring Main;
Back to his bounds their ſubject *Sea* command,
And roll obedient *Rivers* thro' the Land:
Theſe Honours, Peace to happy Britain brings,
Theſe are *Imperial Works*, and worthy *Kings*.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE V.

TO

ROBERT Earl of *OXFORD*,

AND

Earl MORTIMER.

SUCH were the notes thy once-lov'd Poet ſung,*
'Till Death untimely ſtop'd his tuneful tongue.
Oh juſt beheld, and loſt! admir'd and mourn'd!
With ſofteſt manners, gentleſt arts adorn'd!
Bleſt in each ſcience, bleſt in ev'ry ſtrain!
Dear to the Muſe! to HARLEY dear——in vain!
For him, thou oft haſt bid the World attend,
Fond to forget the ſtateſman in the friend;
For SWIFT and him, deſpis'd the farce of ſtate,
The ſober follies of the wiſe and great;

* *This Epiſtle was ſent to the Earl of Oxford with Dr. Parnelle's Poems publiſhed by our Author, after the ſaid Earl's Impriſonment in the Tower, and Retreat into the Country, in the year,* 1721.

Dex-

Dextrous, the craving, fawning croud to quit,
And pleas'd to 'ſcape from Flattery to Wit.
  Abſent or dead, ſtill let a friend be dear,
(A ſigh the abſent claims, the dead a tear)
Recall thoſe nights that cloſ'd thy toilſome days,
Still hear thy *Parnell* in his living lays,
Who careleſs now of Int'reſt, fame, or fate,
Perhaps forgets that OXFORD e'er was great;
Or deeming meaneſt what we greateſt call,
Beholds thee glorious only in thy *Fall.*
  And ſure, if ought below the ſeats divine
Can touch Immortals, 'tis a Soul like thine:
A Soul ſupreme, in each hard inſtance try'd,
Above all Pain, all Paſſion, and all Pride,
The rage of Pow'r, the blaſt of publick breath,
The luſt of Lucre, and the dread of Death.
  In vain to Deſarts thy retreat is made;
The *Muſe* attends thee to the ſilent ſhade:
'Tis hers, the brave man's lateſt ſteps to trace,
Rejudge his acts, and dignify diſgrace.
When Int'reſt calls off all her ſneaking train,
And all th' oblig'd deſert, and all the vain;
She waits, or to the ſcaffold, or the cell,
When the laſt ling'ring friend has bid farewel.
Ev'n now, ſhe ſhades thy Ev'ning walk with bays,
(No hireling ſhe, no proſtitute to praiſe)
Ev'n now, obſervant of the parting ray,
Eyes the calm Sun-ſet of thy various Day,
Thro' Fortune's cloud one truly great can ſee,
Nor fears to tell, that MORTIMER is he.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE VI.

TO

JAMES CRAGGS, Eſq;

SECRETARY of STATE.*

A Soul as full of Worth, as void of Pride,
Which nothing ſeeks to ſhow, or needs to hide,
Which nor to Guilt nor Fear, its Caution owes,
And boaſts a Warmth that from no Paſſion flows.
A Face untaught to feign; a judging Eye,
That darts ſevere upon a riſing Lye,
And ſtrikes a bluſh thro' frontleſs Flattery.
All this thou wert; and being this before,
Know, Kings and Fortune cannot make thee more.
Then ſcorn to gain a Friend by ſervile ways,
Nor wiſh to loſe a Foe theſe Virtues raiſe;
But candid, free, ſincere, as you bagan,
Proceed—a Miniſter, but ſtill a Man.
Be not (exalted to whate'er degree)
Aſham'd of any Friend, not ev'n of Me:
The Patriot's plain, but untrod, path purſue;
If not, 'tis I muſt be aſham'd of You.

* In the Year 1720.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE VII.

TO

Mr. ADDISON. *

SEE the wild Waſte of all devouring years,
How Rome her own ſad *Sepulchre* appears:
With nodding arches, broken Temples ſpread,
The very Tombs now vaniſh'd like their dead!
Imperial wonders, rais'd on Nations ſpoil'd,
Where mix'd with Slaves the groaning Martyr toil'd:
Huge Theatres, that now unpeopled woods,
Now drain'd a diſtant country of her floods;
Fanes, which admiring Gods with pride ſurvey;
Statues of Men, ſcarce leſs alive than they;
Some felt the ſilent ſtroke of mould'ring age,
Some hoſtile fury, ſome religious rage;

* *This was written in* 1715, *at which time Mr.* Addiſon *intended to publiſh his Book of Medals. It was ſometime before he was Secretary of State, but not printed till Mr.* Tickel's *Edition of his works in* 1720, *at which time the Verſes on Mr.* Craggs *which conclude this Epiſtle were added.*

Bar-

Barbarian blindneſs, Chriſtian zeal conſpire,
And Papal piety, and Gothic fire.
Perhaps, by its own ruins ſav'd from flame,
Some bury'd marble half preſerves a Name;
That Name, the learn'd with fierce diſputes purſue,
And give to Titus old Veſpaſian's due.
Ambition ſigh'd: She found it vain to truſt
The faithleſs Column and the crumbling Buſt;
Huge Moles, whoſe ſhadow ſtretch'd from ſhore to ſhore,
Their ruins ruin'd, and their place no more!
Convinc'd, ſhe now contracts her vaſt deſign,
And all her Triumphs ſhrink into a *Coin:*
A narrow orb each crouded Conqueſt keeps;
Beneath her Palm here ſad Judæa weeps,
Here ſcantier limits the proud Arch confine,
And ſcarce are ſeen the proſtrate Nile or Rhine;
A ſmall Euphrates thro' the piece is roll'd,
And little Eagles wave their wings in gold.
The *Medal*, faithful to its charge of fame,
Thro' climes and ages bears each form and name:
In one ſhort view ſubjected to our eye
Gods, Emp'rors, Heroes, Sages, Beauties lie.
With ſharpen'd ſight pale Antiquaries pore,
Th' Inſcription value, but the Ruſt adore;
This the blue varniſh, that the green endears,
The ſacred ruſt of twice ten hundred years!
To gain Peſcennius one employs his ſchemes,
One graſps a Cecrops in ecſtatic dreams;
Poor Vadius, long with learned ſpleen devour'd,
Can taſte no pleaſure ſince his *Shield* was ſcour'd;

And

And Curio, reſtleſs by the fair one's ſide,
Sighs for an Otho, and neglects his Bride.
Theirs is the Vanity, the Learning thine:
Touch'd by thy hand, again Rome's glories ſhine,
Her Gods, and god-like Heroes riſe to view,
And all her faded garlands bloom a-new.
Nor bluſh, theſe ſtudies thy regard engage;
Theſe pleas'd the Fathers of poetic rage;
The verſe and ſculpture bore an equal part,
And Art reflected images to Art.
Oh when ſhall Britain, conſcious of her claim,
Stand emulous of Greek and Roman fame,
In living Medals ſee her wars enroll'd,
And vanquiſh'd realms ſupply recording gold?
Here, riſing bold, the *Patriot's* honeſt face;
There *Warriors* frowning in hiſtoric braſs:
Then future ages with delight ſhall ſee
How Plato's, Bacon's, Newton's looks agree;
Or in fair ſeries laurell'd Bards be ſhown,
A Virgil there, and here an Addiſon.
Then ſhall thy CRAGGS (and let me call him mine)
On the caſt Ore, another Pollio ſhine;
With aſpect open, ſhall erect his head,
And round the orb in laſting notes be read,
"Stateſman, yet friend to Truth! of ſoul ſincere,
"In action faithful, and in honour clear:
"Who broke no promiſe, ſerv'd no private end,
"Who gain'd no title, and who loſt no friend,
"Ennobled by himſelf, by all approv'd,
"And prais'd, unenvy'd, by the Muſe he lov'd.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE VIII.

TO

Mr. JERVAS, *

With *Dryden*'s Tranſlation of *Freſnoy*'s *Art* of *Painting*.

THIS Verſe be thine, my friend, nor thou refuſe
This, from no venal or ungrateful Muſe.
Whether thy hand ſtrike out ſome free deſign,
Where Life awakes, and dawns at ev'ry line;
Or blend in beauteous tints the colour'd maſs,
And from the canvas call the mimic face:
Read theſe inſtructive leaves, in which conſpire
Freſnoy's cloſe Art, and Dryden's native Fire:
And reading wiſh, like theirs our fate and fame,
So mix'd our ſtudies, and ſo join'd our name:
Like them to ſhine thro' long ſucceeding age,
So juſt thy skill, ſo regular my rage.

---

* *This Epiſtle, and the two following, were written ſome years before the reſt, and originally printed in* 1717.

Smit with the love of Sister-Arts we came,
And met congenial, mingling flame with flame;
Like friendly colours found them both unite,
And each from each contract new strength and light.
How oft in pleasing tasks we wear the day,
While summer-suns roll unperceiv'd away?
How oft' our slowly-growing works impart,
While images reflect from art to art?
How oft' review; each finding like a friend
Something to blame, and something to commend?
What flatt'ring scenes our wand'ring fancy wrought,
Rome's pompous glories rising to our thought!
Together o'er the Alps methinks we fly,
Fir'd with Ideas of fair Italy.
With thee, on Raphael's Monument I mourn,
Or wait inspiring Dreams at Maro's Urn:
With thee repose, where Tully once was laid,
Or seek some Ruin's formidable shade;
While fancy brings the vanish'd piles to view,
And builds imaginary Rome a-new.
Here thy well-study'd marbles fix our eye;
A fading *Fresco* here demands a sigh:
Each heav'nly piece unwearied we compare,
Match Raphael's grace with thy lov'd Guido's air,
Carracci's strength, Corregio's softer line,
Paulo's free stroke, and Titian's warmth divine.
How finish'd with illustrious toil appears
This small, well-polish'd Gem, the *work of years!

* Fresnoy *employed above twenty years in finishing his Poem.*

Yet

Yet ſtill how faint by precept is expreſt
The living image in the painter's breaſt?
Thence endleſs ſtreams of fair Ideas flow,
Strike in the ſketch, or in the picture glow;
Thence Beauty, waking all her forms, ſupplies
An Angel's ſweetneſs, or Bridgewater's eyes.

Muſe! at that Name thy ſacred ſorrows ſhed,
Thoſe tears eternal, that embalm the dead:
Call round her Tomb each object of deſire,
Each purer frame inform'd with purer fire:
Bid her be all that chears or ſoftens life,
The tender ſiſter, daughter, friend and wife:
Bid her be all that makes mankind adore;
Then view this Marble, and be vain no more!

Yet ſtill her charms in breathing paint engage;
Her modeſt cheek ſhall warm a future age.
Beauty, frail flow'r that every ſeaſon fears,
Blooms in thy colours for a thouſand years.
Thus Churchill's race ſhall other hearts ſurprize,
And other Beauties envy Worſley's eyes;
Each pleaſing Blount ſhall endleſs ſmiles beſtow,
And ſoft Belinda's bluſh for ever glow.

Oh laſting as thoſe Colours may they ſhine,
Free as thy ſtroke, yet faultleſs as thy line;
New graces yearly like thy works diſplay,
Soft without weakneſs, without glaring gay;
Led by ſome rule, that guides, but not conſtrains;
And finiſh'd more thro' happineſs than pains.

The kindred Arts ſhall in their praiſe conſpire,
One dip the pencil, and one ſtring the lyre.
Yet ſhould the *Graces* all thy figures place,
And breathe an air divine on ev'ry face;
Yet ſhould the *Muſes* bid my numbers roll
Strong as their charms, and gentle as their ſoul;
With Zeuxis' Helen thy Bridgwater vie,
And theſe be ſung 'till Granville's Myra die:
Alas! how little from the grave we claim:
Thou but preſerv'ſt a Face, and I a Name.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE IX.

TO

Miſs BLOUNT,

With the Works of *VOITURE.*

IN theſe gay thoughts the Loves and Graces ſhine,
And all the Writer lives in ev'ry line;
His eaſy Art may happy Nature ſeem,
Trifles themſelves are elegant in him.
Sure to charm all was his peculiar fate,
Who without flatt'ry pleas'd the fair and great;
Still with eſteem no leſs convers'd than read;
With wit well-natur'd, and with books well-bred:
His heart, his miſtreſs, and his friend did ſhare,
His time, the Muſe, the witty, and the fair.
Thus wiſely careleſs, innocently gay,
Chearful he play'd the trifle, Life, away.

'Till fate ſcarce felt his gentle breath ſuppreſt,
As ſmiling Infants ſport themſelves to reſt.
Ev'n rival Wits did Voiture's death deplore,
And the gay mourn'd who never mourn'd before;
The trueſt hearts for Voiture heav'd with ſighs,
Voiture was wept by all the brighteſt Eyes:
The Smiles and Loves had dy'd in Voiture's death,
But that for ever in his lines they breathe.

Let the ſtrict life of graver mortals be
A long, exact, and ſerious Comedy,
In every ſcene ſome Moral let it teach,
And, if it can, at once both pleaſe and preach.
Let mine, an innocent gay farce appear,
And more diverting ſtill than regular,
Have Humour, Wit, a native Eaſe and Grace,
Tho' not too ſtrictly bound to Time and Place:
Critics in Wit, or Life, are hard to pleaſe,
Few write to thoſe, and none can live to theſe.

Too much your Sex is by their forms confin'd,
Severe to all, but moſt to Womankind;
Cuſtom, grown blind with Age, muſt be your guide;
Your pleaſure is a vice, but not your pride;
By Nature yielding, ſtubborn but for fame;
Made Slaves by honour, and made Fools by ſhame.
Marriage may all thoſe petty Tyrants chaſe,
But ſets up one, a greater in their place;
Well might you wiſh for change, by thoſe accurſt,
But the laſt Tyrant ever proves the worſt.
Still in conſtraint your ſuff'ring Sex remains,
Or bound in formal, or in real chains:

Whole

Whole years neglected, for ſome months ador'd,
The fawning Servant turns a haughty Lord.
Ah quit not the free innocence of life,
For the dull glory of a virtuous Wife;
Nor let falſe Shews, or empty Titles pleaſe:
Aim not at Joy, but reſt content with Eaſe.
The Gods, to curſe Pamela with her pray'rs,
Gave the gilt Coach and dappled Flanders Mares,
The ſhining robes, rich jewels, beds of ſtate,
And, to compleat her bliſs, a Fool for Mate.
She glares in Balls, front Boxes, and the Ring,
A vain, unquiet, glitt'ring, wretched Thing!
Pride, Pomp, and State but reach her outward part,
She ſighs, and is no Ducheſs at her heart.
But, Madam, if the fates withſtand, and you
Are deſtin'd Hymen's willing Victim too;
Truſt not too much your now reſiſtleſs charms,
Thoſe, Age or Sickneſs, ſoon or late, diſarms:
Good humour only teaches charms to laſt,
Still makes new conqueſts, and maintains the paſt;
Love, rais'd on Beauty, will like that decay,
Our hearts may bear its ſlender chain a day;
As flow'ry bands in wantonneſs are worn,
A Morning's pleaſure, and at evening torn;
This binds in ties more eaſy, yet more ſtrong,
The willing heart, and only holds it long.
Thus * Voiture's early care ſtill ſhone the ſame,
And *Monthauſier* was only chang'd in name:

* *Madamoiſelle* Paulet,

By this, ev'n now they live, ev'n now they charm,
Their Wit ſtill ſparkling, and their flames ſtill warm.
Now crown'd with Myrtle, on th' *Elyſian* coaſt,
Amid thoſe Lovers, joys his gentle Ghoſt:
Pleas'd, while with ſmiles his happy lines you view,
And finds a fairer *Rambouïllet* in you.
The brighteſt eyes of France inſpir'd his Muſe;
The brighteſt eyes of Britain now peruſe;
And dead, as living, 'tis our Author's pride
Still to charm thoſe who charm the world beſide.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE X.

To the ſame, on her leaving the Town, after the CORONATION. *

AS ſome fond Virgin, whom her mother's care
Drags from the Town to wholeſome Country air,
Juſt when ſhe learns to roll a melting eye,
And hear a ſpark, yet think no danger nigh;
From the dear man unwilling ſhe muſt ſever,
Yet takes one kiſs before ſhe parts for ever:
Thus from the world fair Zephalinda flew,
Saw others happy, and with ſighs withdrew;
Not that their pleaſures caus'd her diſcontent,
She ſigh'd not that they ſtay'd, but that ſhe went.
She went, to plain-work, and to purling brooks,
Old-faſhion'd halls, dull Aunts, and croaking rooks:
She went from Op'ra, Park, Aſſembly, Play,
To morning walks, and pray'rs three hours a day;
To part her time 'twixt reading and bohea,
To muſe, and ſpill her ſolitary tea,
Or o'er cold coffee trifle with the ſpoon,
Count the ſlow clock, and dine exact at noon:

* Of King George the firſt, 1715.

Divert

Divert her eyes with pictures in the fire,
Hum half a tune, tell ſtories to the ſquire;
Up to her godly garret after ſev'n,
There ſtarve and pray, for that's the way to heav'n.
Some Squire, perhaps, you take delight to rack;
Whoſe game is Whisk, whoſe treat a toaſt in ſack;
Who viſits with a Gun, preſents you birds,
Then gives a ſmacking buſs, and cries,—No words!
Or with his hound comes hallowing from the ſtable,
Makes love with nods, and knees beneath a table;
Whoſe laughs are hearty, tho' his jeſts are coarſe,
And loves you beſt of all things—but his horſe.
In ſome fair ev'ning, on your elbow laid,
You dream of Triumphs in the rural ſhade;
In penſive thought recall the fancy'd ſcene,
See Coronations riſe on ev'ry green;
Before you paſs th' imaginary ſights
Of Lords, and Earls, and Dukes, and garter'd Knights,
While the ſpread fan o'erſhades your cloſing eyes;
Then give one flirt, and all the viſion flies.
Thus vaniſh ſceptres, coronets, and balls,
And leave you in lone woods, or empty walls!
So when your Slave, at ſome dear idle time,
(Not plagu'd with head-achs, or the want of rhyme)
Stands in the ſtreets, abſtracted from the crew,
And while he ſeems to ſtudy, thinks of you;
Juſt when his fancy points your ſprightly eyes,
Or ſees the bluſh of ſoft Parthenia riſe,

Gay

Gay pats my ſhoulder, and you vaniſh quite,
Streets, Chairs and Coxcombs ruſh upon my ſight;
Vex'd to be ſtill in town, I knit my brow,
Look ſour, and hum a Tune, as you may now.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE XI.

TO

Dr. ARBUTHNOT.

SHUT, ſhut the door, good John! fatigu'd I ſaid,
Tye up the knocker, ſay I'm ſick, I'm dead.
The Dog-ſtar rages! nay tis paſt a doubt,
All Bedlam, or Parnaſſus, is let out:
Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
They rave, recite, and madden round the land.
What walls can guard me, or what ſhades can hide?
They pierce my thickets, thro' my Grot they glide,

This Epiſtle contains an Apology for the Author and his Writings. It was drawn up at ſeveral times, as the ſeveral occaſions offered. He had no thought of publiſhing it, till it pleas'd ſome perſons of Rank and Fortune, to attack in a very extraordinary manner, not only his Writings, *but his* Morals, Perſon, and Family: *of which he therefore thought himſelf obliged to give ſome account.*

By

By land, by water, they renew the charge,
They ſtop the chariot, and they board the barge.
No place is ſacred, not the Church is free,
Ev'n Sunday ſhines no Sabbath-day to me:
Then from the Mint walks forth the Man of rhyme,
Happy! to catch me, juſt at Dinner-time.
Is there a Parſon, much be-mus'd in beer,
A maudlin Poeteſs, a rhyming Peer,
A Clerk, foredoom'd his father's ſoul to croſs,
Who pens a Stanza when he ſhould *engroſs?*
Is there, who lock'd from ink and paper, ſcrawls
With deſp'rate charcoal round his darken'd walls?
All fly to Twit'nam, and in humble ſtrain
Apply to me, to keep them mad or vain.
Arthur, whoſe giddy ſon neglects the Laws,
Imputes to me and my damn'd works the cauſe:
Poor Cornus ſees his frantic wife elope,
And curſes Wit, and Poetry, and Pope.
Friend to my Life! (which did not you prolong,
The world had wanted many an idle ſong)
What *Drop* or *Noſtrum* can this plague remove?
Or which muſt end me, a Fool's wrath or love?
A dire dilemma! either way I'm ſped,
If foes, they write, if friends, they read me dead.
Seiz'd and ty'd down to judge, how wretched I!
Who can't be ſilent, and who will not lye;
To laugh, were want of goodneſs and of grace,
And to be grave, exceeds all Pow'r of face.

I ſit

I ſit with ſad civility, I read
With honeſt anguiſh, and an aching head;
And drop at laſt, but in unwilling ears,
This ſaving counſel, "Keep your piece nine years."
Nine years! cries he, who high in Drury-lane
Lull'd by ſoft Zephyrs thro' the broken pane,
Rymes 'ere he wakes, and prints before *Term* ends,
Oblig'd by hunger, and requeſt of friends:
"The piece you think is incorrect? why take it,
"I'm all ſubmiſſion, what you'd have it, make it."
Three things another's modeſt wiſhes bound,
My Friendſhip, and a Prologue, and ten pound.
* Pitholeon ſends to me: "You know his Grace,
"I want a Patron; ask him for a Place."
Pitholeon libell'd me—— "but here's a letter
"Informs you, Sir, 'twas when he knew no better.
"Dare you refuſe him? Curl invites to dine,
"He'll write a *Journal*, or he'll turn Divine."
Bleſs me! a packet.—— "'Tis a ſtranger ſues,
"A Virgin Tragedy, an Orphan Muſe."
If I diſlike it, "Furies, death and rage!
If I approve, "Commend it to the Stage."
There (thank my ſtars) my whole commiſſion ends,
The Play'rs and I are, luckily, no friends.
Fir'd that the houſe reject him, "S'death I'll print it,
"And ſhame the fools—your int'reſt, Sir, with Lintot."

* The name taken from a fooliſh Poet of Rhodes, who pretended much to *Greek*. Schol. in Horat.

Lintot, dull rogue! will think your price too much:
"Not Sir, if you reviſe it, and retouch."
All my demurs but double his attacks,
At laſt he whiſpers, "Do, and we go ſnacks.
Glad of a quarrel, ſtrait I clap the door,
Sir, let me ſee your works and you no more.

'Tis ſung, when Midas' Ears began to ſpring,
(Midas, a ſacred perſon and a King)
His very Miniſter who ſpy'd them firſt,
(Some ſay his * Queen) was forc'd to ſpeak, or burſt.
And is not mine, my friend, a ſorer caſe,
When ev'ry coxcomb perks them in my face?
"Good friend forbear! you deal in dang'rous things,
"I'd never name Queens, Miniſters, or Kings;
"Keep cloſe to Ears, and thoſe let aſſes prick,
"'Tis nothing"——Nothing? if they bite and kick?
Out with it, *Dunciad!* let the ſecret paſs,
That ſecret to each fool, that he's an Aſs:
The truth once told, (and wherefore ſhould we lie?)
The Queen of Midas ſlept, and ſo may I.

You think this cruel? take it for a rule,
No creature ſmarts ſo little as a fool.
Let peals of laughter, Codrus! round thee break,
Thou unconcern'd canſt hear the mighty crack:

* The ſtory is told by ſome of his Barber, but by *Chaucer* of his Queen. See Wife of Bath's Tale in *Dryden*'s Fables.

Pit,

Pit, box, and gall'ry in convulſions hurl'd,
Thou ſtand'ſt unſhook amidſt a burſting world.
Who ſhames a Scribler? break one cobweb thro',
He ſpins the ſlight, ſelf-pleaſing thread anew:
Deſtroy his fib or ſophiſtry, in vain,
The creature's at his dirty work again,
Thron'd in the centre of his thin deſigns,
Proud of a vaſt extent of flimzy lines!
Whom have I hurt? has Poet yet, or Peer,
Loſt the arch'd eye-brow, or Parnaſſian ſneer?
And has not Colly ſtill his lord, and whore?
His butchers Henley, his free-maſons Moor?
Does not one table Bavius ſtill admit?
Still to one Biſhop Philips ſeem a wit?
Still Sappho—"Hold! for God-ſake—you'll offend,
"No Names—be calm—learn prudence of a friend:
"I too could write, and I am twice as tall;
"But foes like theſe!—One Flatt'rer's worſe than all;
Of all mad creatures, if the learn'd are right,
It is the ſlaver kills, and not the bite.
A fool quite angry is quite innocent.
Alas! 'tis ten times worſe when they *repent*.
One dedicates in high heroic proſe,
And ridicules beyond a hundred foes;
One from all Grubſtreet will my fame defend,
And more abuſive, calls himſelf my friend.

V. 88.—Alluding to Horace,
—Si fractus illabatur Orbis,
Impavidum ferient ruinæ.

This

This prints my *Letters*, that expects a bribe,
And others roar aloud, "Subſcribe, ſubſcribe."
There are, who to my perſon pay their court,
I cough like *Horace*, and tho' lean, am ſhort,
Ammon's great ſon one ſhoulder had too high,
Such *Ovid*'s noſe, and "Sir! you have an Eye—
Go on, obliging creatures, make me ſee
All that diſgrac'd my Betters, met in me.
Say for my comfort, languiſhing in bed,
"Juſt ſo immortal *Maro* held his head:"
And when I die, be ſure you let me know
Great *Homer* dy'd three thouſand years ago.
Why did I write? what ſin to me unknown
Dipt me in ink, my parents, or my own?
As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
I liſp'd in numbers, for the numbers came.
I left no calling for this idle trade,
No duty broke, no father diſobey'd.
The Muſe but ſerv'd to eaſe ſome friend, not Wife,
To help me thro' this long diſeaſe, my Life,
To ſecond, ARBUTHNOT! thy Art and Care,
And teach, the Being you preſerv'd, to bear.
But why then publiſh? *Granville* the polite,
And knowing *Walſh*, would tell me I could write;
Well-natur'd *Garth* inflam'd with early praiſe,
And *Congreve* lov'd, and *Swift* endur'd my lays;
The courtly *Talbot*, * *Somers*, *Sheffield* read,
Ev'n mitred *Rocheſter* would nod the head,

V. 139. All theſe were Patrons or Admirers of Mr. *Dryden*; tho' a ſcandalous libel againſt him, entitled,

And *St. John*'s ſelf (great *Dryden*'s friends before)
With open arms receiv'd one Poet more.
Happy my ſtudies, when by theſe approv'd!
Happier their author, when by theſe belov'd!
From theſe the world will judge of men and books,
Not from the * *Burnets*, *Oldmixons*, and *Cooks*.
Soft were my numbers; who could take offence
While pure Deſcription held the place of Senſe?
Like gentle *Fanny*'s was my flow'ry theme,
A painted miſtreſs, or a purling ſtream.
Yet then did *Gildon* draw his venal quill;
I wiſh'd the man a dinner, and ſate ſtill.
Yet then did *Dennis* rave in furious fret;
I never anſwer'd, I was not in debt.
If want provok'd, or madneſs made them print,
I wag'd no war with *Bedlam* or the *Mint*.

Dryden's Satyr to his Muſe, has been printed in the name of the Lord *Somers*, of which he was wholly ignorant.

Theſe are the perſons to whoſe account the Author charges the publication of his firſt pieces: Perſons with whom he was converſant (and he adds belov'd) at 16 or 17 years of age; an early period for ſuch acquaintance. The catalogue might be made yet more illuſtrious, had he not confined it to that time when he writ the *Paſtorals* and *Windſor Foreſt*, on which he paſſes a ſort of Cenſure in the lines following,

While pure Deſcription held the place of Senſe, &c.

* Authors of ſecret and ſcandalous Hiſtory.

V. 150. *A painted Meadow, or a purling ſtream*, is a Verſe of Mr. *Addiſon*.

Did

Did ſome more ſober Critic come abroad?
If wrong, I ſmil'd; if right, I kiſs'd the rod.
Pains, reading, ſtudy, are their juſt pretence,
And all they want is ſpirit, taſte, and ſenſe.
Comma's and points they ſet exactly right,
And 'twere a ſin to rob them of their mite.
Yet ne'er one ſprig of laurel grac'd theſe ribalds,
From ſlaſhing *Bentley* down to pidling *Tibalds*:
Each wight, who reads not, and but ſcans and ſpells,
Each Word-catcher, that lives on ſyllables,
Ev'n ſuch ſmall Critics ſome regard may claim,
Preſerv'd in *Milton*'s or in *Shakeſpear*'s name.
Pretty! in amber to obſerve the forms
Of hairs, or ſtraws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms!
The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how the devil they got there?
Were others angry? I excus'd them too;
Well might they rage, I gave them but their due.
A man's true merit 'tis not hard to find,
But each man's ſecret ſtandard in his mind,
That Caſting-weight pride adds to emptineſs,
This, who can gratify? for who can *gueſs*?
The Bard whom pilfer'd Paſtorals renown,
Who turns a Perſian tale for half a crown,
Juſt writes to make his barrenneſs appear,
And ſtrains from hard-bound brains, eight lines a year;
He, who ſtill wanting, tho' he lives on theft,
Steals much, ſpends little, yet has nothing left:

V. 180. — *a Perſian tale.*] Amb. Philips tranſlated a Book called the *Perſian Tales.*

And he, who now to ſenſe, now nonſenſe leaning,
Means not, but blunders round about a meaning:
And he, whoſe fuſtian's ſo ſublimely bad,
It is not Poetry, but proſe run mad:
All theſe, my modeſt Satire bad *tranſlate*,
And own'd, that nine ſuch Poets made a *Tate*.
How did they fume, and ſtamp, and roar, and chafe?
And ſwear, not *Addiſon* himſelf was ſafe.

Peace to all ſuch! but were there One whoſe fires
True Genius kindles, and fair Fame inſpires;
Bleſt with each talent and each art to pleaſe,
And born to write, converſe, and live with eaſe:
Shou'd ſuch a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,
View him with ſcornful, yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caus'd himſelf to riſe;
Damn with faint praiſe, aſſent with civil leer,
And without ſneering, teach the reſt to ſneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to ſtrike,
Juſt hint a fault, and heſitate diſlike;
Alike reſerv'd to blame, or to commend,
A tim'rous foe, and a ſuſpicious friend;
Dreading ev'n fools, by Flatterers beſieg'd,
And ſo obliging, that he ne'er oblig'd;
Like *Cato*, give his little Senate laws,
And ſit attentive to his own applauſe;
While Wits and Templers ev'ry ſentence raiſe,
And wonder with a fooliſh face of praiſe ——
Who but muſt laugh, if ſuch a man there be?
Who would not weep, if *Atticus* were he!

What tho' my Name ſtood rubric on the walls,
Or plaiſter'd poſts, with claps in capitals?

Or

Or ſmoaking forth, a hundred hawkers load,
On wings of winds came flying all abroad?
I ſought no homage from the Race that write;
I kept, like *Aſian* Monarchs, from their ſight:
Poems I heeded (now be-rym'd ſo long)
No more than thou, great GEORGE! a birth-day ſong.
I ne'er with wits or witlings paſt my days,
To ſpread about the itch of verſe and praiſe;
Nor like a puppy, daggled thro' the town,
To fetch and carry ſing-ſong up and down;
Nor at Rehearſals ſweat, and mouth'd, and cry'd,
With handkerchief and orange at my ſide;
But ſick of fops, and poetry, and prate,
To *Bufo* left the whole *Caſtalian* ſtate.
Proud, as *Apollo* on his forked hill,
Sate full-blown *Bufo*, puff'd by ev'ry quill;
Fed with ſoft Dedication all day long,
Horace and he went hand in hand in ſong.
His Library, (where buſts of Poets dead
And a true *Pindar* ſtood without a head)
Receiv'd of wits an undiſtinguiſh'd race,
Who firſt his judgment ask'd, and then a place:
Much they extoll'd his pictures, much his ſeat,
And flatter'd ev'ry day, and ſome days eat:

V. 236.—*a true* Pindar *ſtood without a head.*] ridicules the affectation of Antiquaries, who frequently exhibit the headleſs *Trunks* and *Terms* of Statues, for Plato, Homer, Pindar, &c. Vide *Fulv. Urſin*, &c.

V. 218. *And on the wings of all the winds came flying all abroad.*] Hopkins, in the 104th Pſalm.

Till grown more frugal in his riper days,
He pay'd ſome bards with port, and ſome with praiſe,
To ſome a dry rehearſal was aſſign'd,
And others (harder ſtill) he paid in kind.
Dryden alone (what wonder?) came not nigh,
Dryden alone eſcap'd this judging eye:
But ſtill the great have kindneſs in reſerve,
He help'd to bury whom he help'd to ſtarve.
May ſome choice Patron bleſs each gray gooſe quill!
May ev'ry *Bavius* have his *Bufo* ſtill!
So when a Stateſman wants a day's defence,
Or Envy holds a whole week's war with ſenſe,
Or ſimple Pride for flatt'ry makes demands,
May dunce by dunce be whiſtled off my hands!
Bleſt be the *Great!* for thoſe they take away,
And thoſe they left me; For they left me GAY;
Left me to ſee neglected Genius bloom,
Neglected die, and tell it on his tomb:
Of all thy blameleſs life the ſole return
My Verſe, and QUEENSB'RY weeping o'er thy urn!
Oh let me live my own, and die ſo too!
("To live and die is all I have to do:)
Maintain a Poets dignity and eaſe,
And ſee what friends, and read what books I pleaſe:

V. 248.—*help'd to bury.*] Mr. *Dryden*, after having liv'd in exigencies, had a magnificent Funeral beſtow'd upon him by the contribution of ſeveral Perſons of Quality.

Above

Above a Patron, tho' I condeſcend
Sometimes to call a Miniſter my friend.
I was not born for Courts or great affairs;
I pay my debts, believe, and ſay my pray'rs;
Can ſleep without a Poem in my head,
Nor know, if *Dennis* be alive or dead.

Why am I ask'd what next ſhall ſee the light?
Heav'ns! was I born for nothing but to write?
Has Life no joys for me? or, (to be grave)
Have I no friend to ſerve, no ſoul to ſave?
"I found him cloſe with *Swift*—Indeed? no doubt
"(Cries prating *Balbus*) ſomething will come out.
'Tis all in vain, deny it as I will.
"No, ſuch a Genius never can lie ſtill;
And then for mine obligingly miſtakes
The firſt Lampoon Sir *Will.* or *Bubo* makes.
Poor guiltleſs I! and can I chuſe but ſmile,
When ev'ry Coxcomb knows me by my *Style?*

Curſt be the verſe, how well ſo'er it flow,
That tends to make one worthy man my foe,
Give Virtue ſcandal, Innocence a fear,
Or from the ſoft-ey'd Virgin ſteal a tear!
But he who hurts a harmleſs neighbour's peace,
Inſults fall'n worth, or Beauty in diſtreſs,
Who loves a Lye, lame ſlander helps about,
Who writes a Libel, or who copies out:
That Fop, whoſe pride affects a patron's name,
Yet abſent, wounds an author's honeſt fame:
Who can *your* merit *ſelfiſhly* approve,
And ſhow the *ſenſe* of it without the *love*;

Who has the vanity to call you friend,
Yet wants the honour injur'd to defend;
Who tells whate'er you think, whate'er you ſay,
And, if he lye not muſt at leaſt betray:
Who to the *Dean*, and *ſilver bell* can ſwear,
And ſees at *Cannon*'s what was never there;
Who reads, but with a luſt to miſapply,
Make Satire a Lampoon, and Fiction Lye.
A laſh like mine no honeſt man ſhall dread,
But all ſuch babling blockheads in his ſtead.
Let *Sporus* tremble—— "What? that thing of ſilk,
"*Sporus*, that mere white curd of Aſs's milk?
"Satire or ſenſe alas! can *Sporus* feel?
"Who breaks butterfly upon a wheel?"
Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,
This painted child of dirt, that ſtinks and ſtings;
Whoſe buzz the witty and the fair annoys,
Yet wit ne'er taſtes, and beauty ne'er enjoys:
So well-bred ſpaniels civilly delight
In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.
Eternal ſmiles his emptineſs betray,
As ſhallow ſtreams run dimpling all the way.
Whether in florid impotence he ſpeaks,
And, as the prompter breathes, the puppet ſqueaks,
Or at the ear of *Eve*, familiar Toad,
Half froth, half venom, ſpits himſelf abroad,

V. 299. *Who to the Dean*, &c.] See the Epiſtle to the Earl of *Burlington*.

V. 319. See Milton. Book 4.

In

In puns, or politicks, or tales, or lyes,
Or ſpite, or ſmut, or rymes, or blaſphemies.
His wit all ſee-ſaw, between *that* and *this*,
Now high, now low, now maſter up, now miſs,
And he himſelf one vile Antitheſis.
Amphibious thing! that acting either part,
The trifling head, or the corrupted heart,
Fop at the toilet, flatt'rer at the board,
Now trips a Lady, and now ſtruts a Lord.
Eve's tempter thus the Rabbins have expreſt,
A Cherub's face, a reptile all the reſt,
Beauty that ſhocks you, parts that none will truſt,
Wit than can creep, and pride that licks the duſt.
Not Fortune's worſhipper, nor Faſhion's fool,
Not Lucre's madman, nor Ambition's tool,
Not proud, nor ſervile; be one Poet's praiſe,
That, if he pleas'd, he pleas'd by manly ways;
That Flatt'ry, ev'n to Kings, he held a ſhame,
And thought a Lye in verſe or proſe the ſame.
That not in Fancy's maze he wander'd long,
But ſtoop'd to Truth, and moraliz'd his ſong:
That not for Fame, but Virtue's better end,
He ſtood the furious foe, the timid friend,
The damning critic, half approving wit,
The coxcomb hit, or fearing to be hit;
Laugh'd at the loſs of friends he never had,
The dull, the proud, the wicked, and the mad;
The diſtant threats of vengeance on his head,
The blow unfelt, the tear he never ſhed;

The

The tale reviv'd, the lye ſo oft o'erthrown,
Th' imputed traſh, and dulneſs not his own;
The morals blacken'd when the writings ſcape,
The libel'd perſon, and the pictur'd ſhape;
Abuſe, on all he lov'd, or lov'd him, ſpread,
A friend in exile, or a father, dead;
The whiſper, that to greatneſs ſtill too near,
Perhaps, yet vibrates on his SOVEREIGN'S ear——
Welcome for thee, fair Virtue! all the paſt:
For thee, fair Virtue! welcome ev'n the *laſt!*
"But why inſult the poor, affront the great?"
A knave's a knave, to me, in ev'ry ſtate:
Alike my ſcorn, if he ſucceed or fail,
Sporus at court, or *Japhet* in a jayl,
A hireling ſcribbler, or a hireling peer,
Knight of the poſt corrupt, or of the ſhire;
If on a Pillory, or near a Throne,
He gain his Prince's ear, or loſe his own.
Yet ſoft by nature, more a dupe than wit,
Sapho can tell you how this man was bit:

VER. 351. *Th' imputed Traſh.*] Such as profane *Pſalms*, *Court-Poems*, and other ſcandalous things, printed in his Name by *Curl* and others.

VER. 354. *Abuſe, on all he lov'd, or lov'd him, ſpread.*] Namely on the Duke of Buckingham, the Earl of Burlington, Ld. Bathurſt, Ld. Bolingbroke, Biſhop Atterbury, Dr. Swift, Dr. Arbuthnot, Mr. Gay, his Friends, his Parents, and his very Nurſe, aſperſed in printed papers, by James Moore, G. Ducket, L. Welſted, Tho. Bentley, and other obſcure perſons.

This

This dreaded Sat'riſt *Dennis* will confeſs
Foe to his pride, but friend to his diſtreſs:
So humble, he has knock'd at *Tibbald*'s door,
Has drunk with *Cibber*, nay has rhym'd for *Moor*.
Full ten years ſlander'd, did he once reply?
Three thouſand ſuns went down on *Welſted*'s lye.
To pleaſe a Miſtreſs one aſpers'd his life;
He laſh'd him not, but let her be his wife:
Let *Budgel* charge low *Grubſtreet* on his quill,
And write whate'er he pleas'd, except his will;

VER. 374. *Ten Years.*] It was ſo long after many libels before the Author of the Dunciad publiſhed that poem, till when, he never writ a word in anſwer to the many ſcurrilities and falſehoods concerning him.

VER. 375. *Welſted's Lye.*] This man had the Impudence to tell in print, that Mr. P. had occaſion'd a *Ladys death*, and to name a perſon he never heard of. He alſo publiſh'd that he libel'd the Duke of *Chandos*; with whom (it was added) that he had liv'd in familiarity, and receiv'd from him a preſent of *five hundred Pounds*: the falſehood of both which is known to his Grace. Mr. P. never receiv'd any Preſent, farther than the Subſcription for Homer, from him, or from *Any great Man* whatſoever.

Budgel in a weekly pamphlet call the *Bee*, beſtow'd much abuſe on him, in the imagination that he writ ſome things about the *Laſt Will* of Dr. *Tindal*, in the *Grubſtreet Journal*; a Paper wherein he never had the leaſt hand, direction, or ſuperviſal, nor the leaſt knowledge of its Author.

Let

Let the two *Curls* of Town and Court, abuſe
His father, mother, body, ſoul, and muſe.
Yet why? that Father held it for a rule,
It was a ſin to call our neighbour fool:
That

VER. 381. *His Father, Mother,* &c.] In ſome of Curl's and other Pamphlets, Mr. Pope's Father was ſaid to be a Mechanic, a Hatter, a Farmer, nay a Bankrupt. But what is ſtranger, a *Nobleman* (if ſuch a Reflection could be thought to come from a Nobleman) had dropt an alluſion to that pitiful untruth, in a paper called an *Epiſtle to a Doctor of Divinity:* And the following line,

Hard as thy Heart, and as thy Birth obſcure,

had fallen from a like *Courtly* pen, in certain *Verſes to the Imitator of Horace.* Mr. Pope's Father was of a Gentleman's Family in Oxfordſhire, the Head of which was the *Earl* of *Downe*, whoſe ſole Heireſs married the *Earl* of *Lindſey*— His mother was the Daughter of *William Turnor*, Eſq; of York: She had three Brothers, one of whom was kill'd, another died in the ſervice of King Charles; the eldeſt following his fortunes, and becoming a general Officer in Spain, left her what eſtate remain'd after the Sequeſtrations and forfeitures of her Family — Mr. Pope died in 1717, aged 75; She in 1733, aged 93, a very few weeks after this poem was finiſhed. The following Inſcription was placed by their Son on their Monument in the pariſh of Twickenham, in Middleſex.

D. O. M.

That harmleſs Mother thought no wife a whore:
Hear this, and ſpare his family, *James Moore!*
Unſpotted names, and memorable long!
If there be force in Virtue, or in Song.
Of gentle blood (part ſhed in Honour's cauſe,
While yet in *Britain* Honour had applauſe)
Each parent ſprung—"What fortune, pray?—Their own,
And better got, than *Beſtia*'s from the throne.
Born to no Pride, inheriting no Strife,
Nor marrying Diſcord in a noble wife,
Stranger to civil and religious rage,
The good man walk'd innoxious thro' his age.
No Courts he ſaw, no ſuits would ever try,
Nor dar'd an Oath, nor hazarded a Lye.
Un learn'd, he knew no ſchoolman's ſubtile art,
No language, but the language of the heart.
By Nature honeſt, by Experience wiſe,
Healthy by temp'rance, and by exerciſe;

D. O. M.

ALEXANDRO POPE, VIRO INNOCUO, PROBO, PIO,
QUI VIXIT ANNOS LXXV, OB MDCCXVII.
ET EDITHAE CONJUGI INCULPABILI,
PIENTISSIMAE, QUAE VIXIT ANNOS
XCIII, OB. MDCCXXXIII.
PARENTIBUS BENEMERENTIBUS FILIUS FECIT.
ET SIBI.

His

His life, tho' long, to ſickneſs paſt unknown,
His death was inſtant, and without a groan.
O grant me, thus to live, and thus to die!
Who ſprung from Kings ſhall know leſs joy than I.
O Friend! may each domeſtic bliſs be thine!
Be no unpleaſing Melancholy mine:
Me, let the tender office long engage,
To rock the cradle of repoſing Age,
With lenient arts extend a Mother's breath,
Make Languor ſmile, and ſmooth the bed of Death,
Explore the thought, explain the aſking eye,
And keep a while one parent from the ſky!
On cares like theſe if length of days attend,
May heav'n, to bleſs thoſe days, preſerve my Friend,
Preſerve him ſocial, chearful, and ſerene,
And juſt as rich as when he ſerv'd a QUEEN.
Whether that bleſſing be deny'd or giv'n,
Thus far was right, the reſt belongs to Heav'n.

ONE

EPITAPHS.

EPITAPHS.

His ſaltem accumulem donis, & fungar inani
Munere! VIRG.

I.

On CHARLES *Earl of* DORSET, *In the Church of* Withyam *in* Suſſex.

DORSET, the Grace of Courts, the Muſes Pride,
Patron of Arts, and Judge of Nature, dy'd.
The ſcourge of Pride, tho' ſanctify'd or great,
Of Fops in Learning, and of Knaves in State:
Yet ſoft his Nature, tho' ſevere his Lay,
His Anger moral, and his Wiſdom gay.
Bleſt Satyriſt! who touch'd the Mean ſo true,
As ſhow'd, Vice had his hate and pity too.
Bleſt Courtier! who could King and Country pleaſe,
Yet ſacred keep his Friendſhips, and his Eaſe.

Bleſt Peer! his great Foreſathers ev'ry grace
Reflecting, and reflected in his Race;
Where other *Buckhurſts*, other *Dorſets* ſhine,
And Patriots ſtill, or Poets, deck the Line.

II.

On Sir WILLIAM TRUMBAL,

One of the Principal Secretaries of State to King William III. *who having reſigned his place, died in his Retirement at* Eaſthamſted *in* Berkſhire, 1716.

A Pleaſing Form; a firm, yet cautious Mind,
Sincere, tho' prudent, conſtant, yet reſign'd;
Honour unchang'd, a Principle profeſt,
Fix'd to one ſide, but mod'rate to the reſt:
An honeſt Courtier, yet a Patriot too,
Juſt to his Prince, and to his Country true.
Fill'd with the Senſe of Age, the Fire of Youth,
A Scorn of wrangling, yet a Zeal for Truth;
A gen'rous Faith, from ſuperſtition free;
A love to Peace, and hate of Tyranny;
Such this man was; who now from earth remov'd,
At length enjoys that Liberty he lov'd.

III.

On the Honble SIMON HARCOURT,

Only Son of the Lord Chancellor HARCOURT: *at the Church of* Stanton-Harcourt *in* Oxfordſhire. 1720.

TO this ſad ſhrine, whoe'er thou art! draw near,
Here lies the Friend moſt lov'd, the Son moſt dear:
Who ne'er knew Joy, but Friendſhip might divide,
Or gave his Father Grief but when he dy'd.
How vain is Reaſon, Eloquence how weak!
If *Pope* muſt tell what HARCOURT cannot ſpeak.
Oh let thy once-lov'd Friend inſcribe thy Stone,
And, with a Father's ſorrows, mix his own!

IV.

Intended for Mr. ROWE.

In Weſtminſter-Abbey.

THY reliques, ROWE, to this fair Urn we truſt,
And ſacred, place by DRYDEN's awful duſt:

Beneath a * rude and nameleſs ſtone he lies,
To which thy Tomb ſhall guide inquiring eyes.
Peace to thy gentle ſhade, and endleſs reſt!
Bleſt in thy Genius, in thy Love too bleſt!
One grateful woman to thy fame ſupplies
What a whole thankleſs land to his denies.

---

* *The Tomb of Mr.* Dryden *was erected upon this hint by the Duke of* Buckingham; *to which was originally intended this Epitaph,*

This *Sheffield* rais'd. The ſacred Duſt below
Was *Dryden* once: The reſt who does not know?

which the Author ſince chang'd into the plain inſcription now upon it, being only the name of that great Poet,

DRYDEN.

Natus Aug. 9. 1631.
Mortuus Maij 1. 1701.

Johannes Sheffield, Dux Buckinghamienſis, fecit.

V.

On Mrs. CORBET,

Who dyed of a Cancer in her Breaſt.

HERE reſts a Woman, good without pretence,
Bleſt with plain Reaſon, and with ſober Senſe;
No Conqueſts ſhe, but o'er herſelf deſir'd,
No Arts eſſay'd, but not to be admir'd.
Paſſion and Pride were to her ſoul unknown,
Convinc'd that Virtue only is our own.
So unaffected, ſo compos'd a mind,
So firm, yet ſoft, ſo ſtrong, yet ſo refin'd,
Heav'n as its pureſt gold, by Tortures try'd;
The Saint ſuſtain'd it, but the Woman dy'd.

VI.

On the Monument of the Honourable ROBERT DIGBY, *and of his Siſter* MARY, *erected by their Father the Lord* DIGBY, *in the Church of* Sherborne *in* Dorſetſhire, 1727.

GO! fair Example of untainted youth,
Of modeſt wiſdom, and pacifick truth:
Compos'd in ſuff'rings, and in joy ſedate,
Good without noiſe, without pretenſion great.

Juſt of thy word, in ev'ry thought ſincere,
Who knew no wiſh but what the world might hear:
Of ſofteſt manners, unaffected mind,
Lover of peace, and friend of human kind:
Go live! for Heav'n's Eternal year is thine,
Go, and exalt thy Moral to Divine.

And thou bleſt Maid! attendant on his doom,
Penſive haſt follow'd to the ſilent tomb,
Steer'd the ſame courſe to the ſame quiet ſhore,
Not parted long, and now to part no more!
Go then, where only bliſs ſincere is known!
Go, where to love and to enjoy are one!

Yet take theſe Tears, Mortality's relief,
And till we ſhare your joys, forgive our grief:
Theſe little rites, a Stone, a Verſe receive,
'Tis all a Father, all a Friend can give!

VII.

On General HENRY WITHERS,
In Weſtminſter-Abbey, 1729.

HERE WITHERS reſt! thou braveſt, gentleſt mind,
Thy Country's friend, but more of Human kind.
Oh born to Arms! O Worth in Youth approv'd!
O ſoft Humanity, in Age belov'd!

For

For thee the hardy Vet'ran drops a tear,
And the gay Courtier feels the ſigh ſincere.
WITHERS adieu! yet not with thee remove
Thy Martial ſpirit, or thy Social love!
Amidſt Corruption, Luxury, and Rage,
Still leave ſome ancient Virtues to our age:
Nor let us ſay, (thoſe Engliſh glories gone)
The laſt true Briton lies beneath this ſtone.

VIII

On Mr. ELIJAH FENTON,

At Eaſthamſtead *in* Berks, 1730.

THIS modeſt Stone what few Marbles can
May truly ſay, Here lies an honeſt Man:
A Poet, bleſt beyond the Poet's fate,
Whom Heav'n kept ſacred from the Proud and Great:
Foe to loud Praiſe, and Friend to learned Eaſe,
Content with Science in the Vale of Peace.
Calmly he look'd on either Life, and here
Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear;
From Nature's temp'rate feaſt roſe ſatisfy'd,
Thank'd Heav'n that he had liv'd, and that he dy'd.

IX.

On Mr. GAY.

In Weſtminſter-Abbey, 1732.

OF Manners gentle, of Affections mild;
In Wit, a Man; Simplicity, a Child:
With native Humour temp'ring virtuous Rage,
Form'd to delight at once and laſh the age:
Above Temptation, in a low Eſtate,
And uncorrupted, even among the Great:
A ſafe Companion, and an eaſy Friend,
Unblam'd thro' Life, lamented in thy End.
Theſe are Thy Honours! not that here thy Buſt
Is mix'd with Heroes, or with Kings thy duſt;
But that the Worthy and the Good ſhall ſay,
Striking their penſive boſoms—— *Here* lies GAY.

X.

Intended for Sir ISAAC NEWTON,
In Weſtminſter-Abbey.

ISAACUS NEWTONIUS:
Quem Immortalem
Teſtantur *Tempus*, *Natura*, *Cœlum*:
Mortalem
Hoc marmor fatetur.

Nature and Nature's Laws lay hid in Night:
GOD ſaid, *Let Newton be!* And all was Light.

XII.

On JAMES CRAGGS, *Esq*; in *Westminster Abbey.*

JACOBUS CRAGGS
REGI MAGNÆ BRITANNIÆ A SECRETIS
ET CONSILIIS SANCTIORIBUS,
PRINCIPIS PARITER AC POPULI AMOR & DELICIÆ:
VIXIT TITULIS ET INVIDIA MAJOR,
ANNOS HEU PAUCOS, XXXV.
OB. FEB. XVI. MDCCXX.

Statesman, yet Friend to Truth! of Soul sincere,
In Action faithful, and in Honour clear!
Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end,
Who gain'd no Title, and who lost no Friend,
Ennobled by Himself, by All approv'd,
Prais'd, wept, and honour'd, by the Muse he lov'd.

**

XIII.

For One who would not be buried in Weſtminſter Abbey

HEROES, and KINGS! your diſtance keep:
In peace let one poor Poet ſleep,
Who never flatter'd Folks like you:
Let Horace bluſh, and Virgil too.

EPIGRAM.

On One who made long Epitaphs.

FRIEND! for your Epitaphs I'm griev'd,
Where ſtill ſo much is ſaid,
One half will never be believ'd,
The other never read.

EPIGRAM.

Engraved on the Collar of a Dog *which I gave to his Royal Highneſs.*

I Am his Highneſs' Dog at *Kew*;
Pray tell me Sir, whoſe Dog are you?

MACER:

A

CHARACTER.

WHEN ſimple *Macer*, now of high renown,
Firſt ſought a Poet's Fortune in the Town,
'Twas all th' Ambition his high ſoul could feel,
To wear red ſtockings, and to dine with *Steel*.
Some Ends of verſe his Betters might afford,
And gave the harmleſs fellow a good word,
Set up with theſe, he ventur'd on the Town,
And with a borrow'd Play, out-did poor *Crown*.
There he ſtop'd ſhort, nor ſince has writ a tittle,
But has the wit to make the moſt of little:
Like ſtunted hide-bound Trees, that juſt have got
Sufficient ſap at once to bear and rot.
Now he begs Verſe, and what he gets commends,
Not of the Wits his foes, but Fools his friends.
So ſome coarſe Country Wench, almoſt decay'd,
Trudges to town, and firſt turns Chambermaid;
Aukward and ſupple, each devoir to pay;
She flatters her good Lady twice a day;
Thought wond'rous honeſt, though of mean degree,
And ſtrangely lik'd for her *Simplicity*:

In a tranſlated Suit, then tries the Town,
With borrow'd Pins, and Patches not her own;
But juſt endur'd the winter ſhe began,
And in four months a batter'd Harridan.
Now nothing left, but wither'd, pale, and ſhrunk,
To bawd for others, and go ſhares with Punk,

CLOE:

A CHARACTER.

"YET Cloë ſure was form'd without a Spot—
'Tis true, but ſomething in her was *forgot.*
" With ev'ry pleaſing, ev'ry prudent part,
" Say what can Cloë want?—She wants a *Heart:*
She ſpeaks, behaves, and acts juſt as ſhe ought;
But never, never, reach'd one gen'rous Thought.
Virtue ſhe finds too painful an endeavour,
Content to dwell in Decencies for ever.
So very reaſonable, ſo unmov'd,
As never yet to love, or to be lov'd.
She, while her Lover pants upon her breaſt,
Can mark the figures on an Indian Cheſt;
And when ſhe ſees her Friend in deep deſpair,
Obſerves how much a Chintz exceeds Mohair.

Forbid

Forbid it Heav'n, a favour or a Debt
She e're ſhould cancel — but ſhe may forget.
Safe is your Secret ſtill in Chloë's ear;
But none of Cloë's ſhall you ever hear.
Of all her Dears ſhe never ſlander'd one,
But cares not if a thouſand are undone.
Would Cloë know if you're alive or dead?
She bids her Footman put it in her head,
Cloë is prudent — would you too be wiſe?
Then never break your heart when Cloë dies.

To Mrs. M. B. *on her Birth-day.*

OH be thou bleſt with all that Heav'n can ſend,
Long Health, long Youth, long Pleaſure, and a Friend:
Not with thoſe Toys the female world admire,
Riches that vex, and Vanities that tire.
With added years if Life bring nothing new,
But like a Sieve let ev'ry bleſſing thro',
Some joy ſtill loſt, as each vain year runs o'er,
And all we gain, ſome ſad Reflection more;
Is that a Birth-day? 'tis alas! too clear,
'Tis but the Fun'ral of the former year.
Let Joy or Eaſe, let Affluence or Content,
And the gay Conſcience of a life well ſpent,
Calm ev'ry thought, inſpirit ev'ry Grace,
Glow in thy heart, and ſmile upon thy face.

Let

Let day improve on day, and year on year,
Without a Pain, a Trouble, or a Fear;
Till Death unfelt that tender frame deſtroy,
In ſome ſome ſoft Dream, or Extaſy of joy,
Peaceful ſleep out the Sabbath of the Tomb,
And wake to Raptures in a Life to come.

THE UNIVERSAL-PRAYER.

DEO OPT. MAX.

FATHER of All! in every Age,
In every Clime ador'd,
By Saint, by Savage, and by Sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou Great Firſt Cauſe, leaſt underſtood:
Who all my Senſe confin'd
To know but this, that Thou art Good,
And that my ſelf am blind.

Yet gave me, in this dark Eſtate,
To ſee the Good from Ill;
And binding Nature faſt in Fate,
Left Conſcience free, and Will.

What Conſcience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to doe,
This, teach me more than Hell to ſhun,
That, more than Heav'n purſue.

What Bleſſings thy free Bounty gives,
Let me not caſtaway,
For God is pay'd when Man receives,
T'enjoy, is to obey.

Yet not to Earths contracted Span,
Thy Goodneſs let me bound,
Or think Thee Lord alone of Man,
When thouſand Worlds are round.

Let not this weak, unknowing hand
Preſume Thy Bolts to throw,
And deal Damnation round the land,
On each I judge thy Foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart
Still in the right to ſtay;
If I am wrong, oh teach my heart
To find that better Way.

Save me alike from fooliſh Pride,
Or impious Diſcontent,
At ought thy Wiſdom has deny'd,
Or ought thy Goodneſs lent.

Teach me to feel another's Woe,
To hide the Fault I ſee;
That Mercy I to others ſhow,
That Mercy ſhow to me.

Mean tho' I am, not wholly ſo
Since quickened by thy Breath,
Oh lead me whereſoe'er I go,
Thro' this day's Life or Death:

This day, be Bread and Peace my Lot:
All elſe beneath the Sun,
Thou know'ſt if beſt beſtow'd or not,
And let Thy Will be done.

To Thee, whoſe Temple is all Space,
Whoſe Altar, Earth, Sea, Skies!
One Chorus let all Being raiſe!
All Nature's Incence riſe!

FINIS.

CMC
MVSEVM
BRITANNICVM